Dedicated to my dearest Effie & her darling Pussy

A Tragedy of Romance

The Lily Fawn Blues

Or,

The Tragic History *of the* Damnable Life & *Most* Deserved Death Of Miss Lily Isabella Fawn, Deerwoman.

A discourse of the Most Infamous Lily Isabella Fawn of Kissin' Town, in Vicboria, an evil deer nun and sometimes naughty nurse: wherein is declared many strange things that she herself hath seen and done in the earth and in the Imagination, with her bringing up, her travails, loves, and last end.

Kunstmärchen libretto composed by 'a nameless nobody'

y^e Gode Chylde of Our facred blue Ever-Virgin
& of Church Triumphant - an unworthy bastard

"*I was sulking quietly to myself earlier about how my diary was lost but ... now my secrets are even more secret, secret even from me ... which makes them extra secret, and I kinda like that. Now I realize that the process is the product and I am still better off for having written something than not at all.*"

Lily Isabella Fawn
Pennsylvania: Highway of the Damned
Nov. 11 / 04

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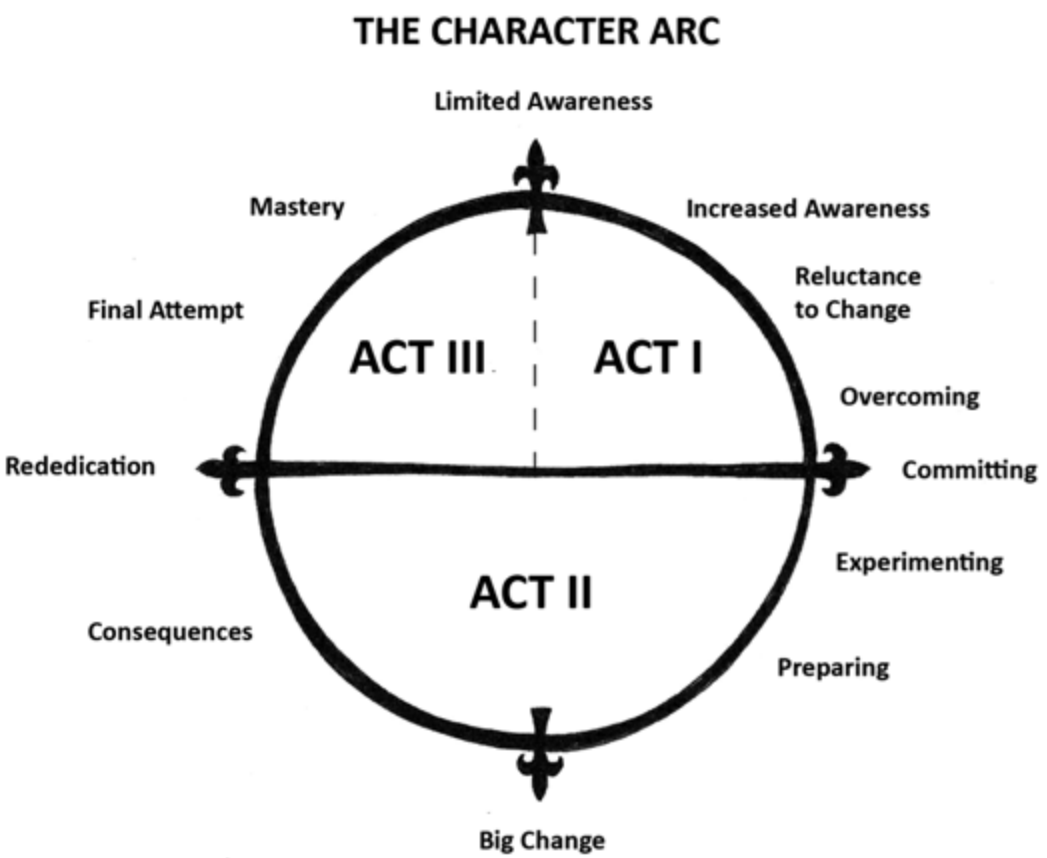
stylus



Dark and dreamy ballads by Miss Lily Fawn w/ Special guest appearances by; Carolyn Mark (of Mint records), Godspeed You Black Emperor (members of), Dante Decaro (Hot Hot Heat, Wolf Parade), Cecil the Weasel (aka Marco Bozenich of Meatdraw / Hank Pine and Lily Fawn) and the wonderful "Brightest, Darkest" band members (Susan Farmer and Craig Visheck).

NOTE: Mr. Pine is so cool … an' I ain't done *by him* fair as he does deserve. So – NOTE: I'm just gunna have to re-write the entirety of his character so-as to be the same as he is and not the terrible rat he has so wrongly been made to be in this rotten drama.

Sincerely the writer
27 12 2009

Hank is tall mysterious figure and member of a secret dooms day cult called the A.S.S. (Avatars of the Second Sun).
Hank Pine likes to use **BLACK PLASTIC BAGS** to tote around his ex-girlfriend … not a gunny sack

Hank Pine and Lily Fawn are a vaudeville-inspired duo from Victoria, British Columbia, whose act is based upon the tragic and hilarious adventures of their comic book series. Like the great acts of old, the music covers many genres, yet all stems from a punk rock ethic, and an appreciation for the delicate art of entertaining.
Hank is a tall, dark, and mysterious figure in goggles and a mask that carries his dead girlfriend around in a garbage bag, plays the cello, keyboards, guitars, ukulele, accordion, drums and whatever else he can get his hands on.
Lily, a half-deer, half-human forest creature, that tap-dances and plays the musical saw, the trumpet, the theremin, the flute, and hits the drums like a six-foot sledgehammer.

The unusually intense, uninvited appearance of evil fairy Maleficent (voice of Eleanor Audley) at the christening ceremony of baby Princess Aurora (voice of Mary Costa) as she hideously laughed after promising that the young child would prick her finger before the sun set on her 16th birthday - and die; and in a later scene, her battle against Prince Phillip (voice of Bill Shirley) when she scarily transformed herself into a black-and-purple, fire-breathing dragon and summoned "all the powers of hell", in Disney's classic animated children's film

The scene of the flight of Snow White into the enchanted, seemingly-alive forest; and the scene in which the Wicked Queen morphed into the guise of an older, hunched-over woman, so that she could deliver a fatal dose of poison (in a red apple) to Snow White

HANK PINE is a shady figure from the west who is never seen without his mask and goggles on, as he lugs his dead girlfriend around in a garbage bag, mutters in DEAD LANGUAGES,[1] and makes his way towards New Orleans in time to let her soul rest peacefully. In all honesty, he is the villian of our story, as, even when he tries to do good, it ends up horribly bad.

Miss LILY FAWN, is the result of a forbidden love between a beautiful southern belle and a reindeer named Buck. She has lived most of her life in the safety of the forest, but after meeting Hank has emerged to join him on his journey to New Orleans, in order to find out what happened to her mother. Their music is warped, haunting and fun.

Lily and the Babies

[1] The Language of the Dead: Not to be confused with “dead languages,” esp. indigenous languages, *as in songs based on emotional utterances as opposed to the vocalization of sounds in the form of words to convey ideas*; (cf. Tolkien’s *common tongue*).

Dear Diary....

“I was walking through the city one day and I saw all these little babies. They looked sleepy so, I took them back to the forest and dug a nice big hole for each one. I placed little straws into the holes, so each baby could suckle the fresh night air. I think they are all sleeping now, and so, I will ask Mrs. Raccoon to watch them until I come back in a couple days.”

Love Liy

Lily is a forest loving deer-girl with a penchant for stealing babies and burying them in the moss, attempting to rescue them from the perils of our modern world.

Lily was born part deer–part girl, her youth was filled with evil villains, murders and secrets, leaving little Lily alone, in the woods with only her imagination and the forest animals to raise her.

initially fairy tales were art.

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"When 'tis once known you'll say 'tis easy.

Why then let's know it, quoth Apollo : 165

We'll beat a drum, and they'll all follow.

A drum ! quoth Phoebus; Troth, that's true,

A pretty invention, quaint and new :

But tho' of voice and instrument

We are, 'tis true, chief president, 190
```

We such loud music don't profess.

The devil's master of that office,

Wliere it must pass ; if't be a drum,

He'll sign it with Cler. Pari. Dom. Com.^
68 HUDIBRAS. [part i.

' Joand'Arc, commonly called the Maid of Orleans, has been sufficiently celebrated in the English histories of the reign of Henry VI. about the year 1428 and 1429.

English Moll was no less famous about the year 1670. Her real name was Mary Carltnn ; but she was more commonly distinguished by the title of Kentish Moll, or the German princess. — A renowned cheat and pickpocket, who was transported to Jamaica in 1671; and being soon after discovered at large, was hanged at Tyburn, January 22, 1672-3.
Memoirs of Mary Carlton were published 1673. Granger, in his Biographical History, calls her Mary Firth. See vol. ii. p. 408. cd. 8vo. She was commonly called English Mall. Thus Cleveland, p. 07,
" certainly it is nnder the same notion, as one whose pockets are
" picked goes to Mai Cutpurse."

Courage – the subordination of pain or fear to resolution or purpose

"I am interested in making beautiful music."
Clara (Reisenberg) Rockmore

"But instruments do not make music: people do."
Max Rudolph, (NY Times, 21/6/92)

“Elaine! Did you hear? Do you understand? Darling, I'm a bastard!”
censored line;
“*Arsenic and Old Lace*,” Frank Capra (1941)

"Anything is possible, if everything is right."
Daisy Hilton

""
Clara Bow

"Boo-boop-be-doop."
Helen Kane

“Its whats inside you that can make or break you.”
Maud Lewis
1903 – 1970.07.30

Labour Three:The Cerynitian Hind
The third Labour was the capture of the Cerynitian hind. The Cerynitian hind was a female deer, a doe, and a fleet-footed beast with golden horns. It was sacred to Artemis, goddess of the hunt, so Heracles dared not wound it. He hunted it for an entire year before running it down on the banks of the River Ladon in Arcadia. Taking careful aim with his bow, he fired an arrow between the tendons and bones of the two forelegs, pinning it down without drawing blood. All the same, Artemis was displeased, but Heracles dodged her wrath by blaming it on his taskmaster Eurystheus.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lily Isabella Fawn . . . . . *an evil deer nun*

Hank Pine . . . . . *the villain*

Bettina May Suicide . . . . . *the other woman*

Coon-Shouter . . . . . *a white-faced black-fly*

Linus the Clown . . . . . .

Mary-Jane Plain, the girl without a tattoo

A Green Fayre

AN INTRODUCTION

PROLOGUE IN HELL

Citoyen Donatien Alfonse Francois, Marquis de Sade & a Goth Slave-Grrl

> *The introductory music score quiets to silence as the house lights dim*: *The music of Rupert Julian's* "*Phantom of the Opera*" (*1925*) *which has begun playing even before the doors open for the audience …*
>
> "*Don Juan Triumphant*"

. . .

A bottom-lighted, sheer curtain of flames slowly rises. – (*Before the Grand Drape.*)

CITOYEN DE SADE, (*off-stage voice*):

NO - you - don't … you don't *want this … do you*? ***do you now*** …

Enter Citoyen Donatien Alfonse Francois, Marquis de Sade, a tired, old lecher; fat and slovenly and unkempt, and somewhat staggering. – Riddled with pox and suffering from syphilitic dementia: his dirty shirt is mostly unbuttoned and un-tucked; he holds a bottle of old cognac, and drinks liberally, cognac pouring into but almost just as much out his mouth, staining his powdered cheeks and chin, neck and chest, and his dirty shirt, as well as the soft, white flesh of the tender Slave-Grrl – think "Soledad Miranda" or "Lina Romay" – a very luscious and libidinous young coquette, whom is more than affectionate – but lustfully lavishious. She wears a spiked leather collar and other leather-and-latex articles of submission but little else. In his free hand, her master carries a whip and in the same hand, he wields her chain-link leash.

CITOYEN DE SADE, (*addressing the audience whilest mostly ignoring them to fondle his Slave-Grrl*):

To instruct man and correct his morals: such is the sole goal we set for ourselves in this story. In reading it, may the reader be steeped in the knowledge of the dangers which forever dog the steps of those who, to satisfy their desires, will stop at nothing! May they be persuaded that the best education, wealth, talent, and the gifts of Nature are likely to lead one astray unless they are buttressed and brought to the fore by self- restraint, good conduct, wisdom, and modesty. Such are the truths we intend to relate. May the reader show himself indulgent for the monstrous details of the hideous crime we are obliged to describe; but is it possible to make others detest such aberrations unless one has the courage to lay them bare, without the slightest embellishment?

As the sheer curtain of flames slowly rises, bottom-lighting dims, and the flames fade into blackness …

CITOYEN DE SADE, (*continuing uninterrupted*):

It is rare that everything conspires in one person to lead him to prosperity; does Nature shower her gifts upon him? Then Fortune refuses him her gifts. Does Fortune lavish her favours upon him? Then Nature proves niggardly. It would appear that the hand of Heaven has wished to show us that, in each individual as in the most sublime operations, the laws of equilibrium are the prime laws of the Universe, those which at the same time govern everything that happens, everything that vegetates, and everything that breathes.

De Sade sucks the last dregs of wine from his bottle and, as if in the same undiscerning motion, throws the bottle away and cleans his mouth with his sleeve.

~~*With a crack of his whip*~~*, de Sade and the Slave-Grrl exit.*

Exeunt de Sade and the Slave-Grrl.

The sound of breaking glass mixes with that of the crack of the whip and together reverberates and echoes as the black drapes part, beginning our play.

PROLOGUE ON EARTH

PROLOGUE ON EARTH: ACT ONE.

ACT ONE. SCENE ONE – The First Part: Lily's Bower – *the Golden River*.

Lily Fawn

Sexy Bimbette

Eros

Grand Drape rises as – behind them – a black traveler parts (*at center*).

The backdrop is painted to resemble a dark forest.

The dying embers, so to speak, of the reverberating sound of broken glass becomes the hypnotic sound of gently running waters – the unseen Golden River.

Frogs croak. Crickets chirp.

All is in darkness, but for eerie, misted-beams of pale yellowish-green moonlight wafting through a dripping canopy of shadowy foliage. [*This is not a stationary light, but moving slightly, shimmers.*]

Dimly spotlighted, Lily Fawn, a wild and free forest nymph, seemingly naked, modestly covered in web-silk lingerie, sits within a fairy circle of red and purple polka-dotted mushrooms. Delicately, she, certain of the smaller mushrooms which catch her fancy, selects and nimbly nibbles. She perfumes herself with the scents of a variety of flowers, subtly fashioning a garland from sleeping daisies, which magically open their blanketed petals from slumber as she touches them, awakening from their dreams. She caresses her nose with each daisy, gently kissing each one to nurture herself on its ambrosial nectars before forming it into tiara, necklace, or bracelet; and violets, she uses for jewels.

Enter Sexy Bimbette, spotlighted – she crosses the stage carrying a placard on which is written, "Our Heroine - Lily Fawn." *Once she has crossed the stage, Sexy Bimbette casually discards the placard, turns, and entices the audience to applaud Lily with hoots and whistles and cat-calls, as she crosses back over the stage. Sexy Bimbette then puts her finger to her lips to shush the uproar; she playfully curtsies, and exits.*

Exeunt Sexy Bimbette.

Stage lights slowly rise as a kaleidoscopic haze. [*Compare the psychedelic sixties …*]

LILY FAWN, *to a daisy*:

One speaks of gum's or herb's fine scent.
To no comparison would I consent.
Your perfume outdoes other scents by far;[2]
in beauty you surpass all flowers that are.[3]

Si douce est la margarete.[4]

When this was said: down in ecstasy she swooned, ravished in spirit, as if into a dream she fell and seemed to hear, where she did lie, Eros ringing a silver bell. At which sound, the seven planets descended from their spheres.

The sound of distant thunder and far-off lightning flashes ending in the tinkling of little bells.

ACT ONE: SCENE ONE – A *much longer* Second Part: Eros and the seven planets.

Lily Fawn

Sexy Bimbette

Eros accompanied by four Erotes – birdlike dancers

The Planets: Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Phoebus, Venus – dancers
The Planets: Mercurius & Lady Cynthia – dancers with lines

Phobos and Deimos & Love and Himeros – dancers

[2] The attribution of a perfumed fragrance to the scentless daisy was a commonplace in courtly literature.
[3] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, *Prologue* 109 – 112.
[4] Chaucer, *The Flower and the Leaf* 336: "So sweet is the daisy." (Chaucer beautifully enforces the lasting advantages of purity, valour, and faithful love, and the fleeting and disappointing character of mere idle pleasure, of sloth, and listless retirement from the battle of life.)

four winged steeds – ponygrrl dancers
a hind – a dancer

Scritch Owl – a dancer
a dove – a dancer

the Spirit of Life – an off-stage voice

Linus the Clown

[MUSICAL BACKGROUND featuring pipes, or woodwinds – *gently*.
Soft voices singing – "*All of nature awakens to love.*"[5]]

Enter Eros, a beautiful winged child, peeking from beneath a blindfold loosely wrapped around his forehead – his appearance and movements, both, serpentine and avian at once. Four love spirits in the form of birds, the Erotes, flutter about him, hovering before him, showering him with kisses. Eros carries a small heart-shaped bow, wearing naught but his quiver, from which two feathered shafts protrude: arrowed desire and lustful ire. In his free hand he carried a tiny silver bell, and this, he rings ... and each time the bell rings, so appears one of the seven planets.

EROS, *to himself*:

So from dark clouds the playful lightning springs,
rives the firm oak, and prints the Fairy-rings …[6]

EROS, *to the Erotes*:

The torches flame, the lamps burn bright,
the sacrifice is all prepared aright;
sweet from the fire the incense does shoot;
the flower and leaf are torn up by the root
to make garlands and [ ] lofty crown.
and minstrelsy fills all the place with sounds
of amorous songs …[7]

Eros rings the bell. Enter Saturn.
Eros rings the bell. Enter Jupiter.
Eros rings the bell. Enter Mars, Phobos & Deimos.
Eros rings the bell. Enter Phoebus.
Enter Scritch Owl …

Enter Saturn, his face wrinkled, his complexion like lead. His teeth chatter and chin shivers, his eyes are drooped and sunken is his head. Out of his nose snot runs, his lips are livid-blue and cheeks lean & thin. Around his belt his hoary locks lay in ugly mats overlaid with hoarfrost. His garments and attire are made of corn husk, full grey, and

[5] Charles Gounod, *Faust,* Act I, *Chorus.* "*Toute la nature s'éveille à l'amour.*"
[6] Darwin. *The Economy of Vegetation*, I.369-70 … fairy-rings are caused by lightning, not by a fungus.
[7] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, Hypermnestra 2610 – 16.

withered, and chaff from his clothes a cold wind blows out. A powerful bow within his hand he wields, and tied to his belt is a quiver full of cruel arrows, feathered with ice and headed with hailstones. And, hail and fire falls about him, mixed with blood.

Enter Jupiter, with handsome face, radiant, wearing upon his head a garland gay of flowers fair. His voice is full of cheer, and when he speaks, he speaks with thunder; his eyes shine crystal clear, scintillating with lightning flashes; and as golden wire so glitters his hair. His garments are full of green, with golden trim gilt on every edge. In his right hand he has a sharpened spear, and he uses this to ward off the wraith Saturn.

Enter Mars, the god of wrath, of strife, debate and all dissension: as Mars enters, a burning star,[8] *(called Wormwood), like a great lamp, falls from heaven. And, as fierce as fire cometh he, in war gear, wearing helmet and mail; on his hip he had a bloody cruel-rusted falchion, and in his hand he had a bloody emerald battle axe, its iron parts also rusted. Contorting his face with many an angry word, he shakes this axe before him as he comes; with red face and grisly glowering eyes, and at his mouth a glob of froth drivels. He is very aggressive, but without anger, and a battle-ravaged ivory horn he blows with many rough boasts.*

He is accompanied by the twins, Phobos (Panic) & Deimos (Fear).

Enter fair Phoebus, a youth bearing a lantern flourishing bright beams of radiant light. His face is bright and piercing.

Phoebus is brought forth riding upon a golden chariot, pulled by four winged steeds - ponygrrlz - wearing flaming harnesses of purple hyacinth and yellow brimstone: a sorrel with a mane as red as rose, a pale white, a fervent red, and a black: and the heads of these horses are like the heads of lions; while fire and smoke, and sulphur, leaped from their mouths, a fiery whinnying filled the air; their tails are like serpents possessing heads. And, as fair Phoebus entered, drawn upon his gold-gleaming chariot by the four steeds, their impatient hooves stormed wind & cloud as, weightless, they flew.

And, a third of the moon and a third of the stars in the heavens darkened.

Enter Scritch Owl, flying, and in mid-air exclaiming with a loud voice:

THE SCRITCH OWL:[9]

Woe! woe! woe!

Scritch Owl settles onto a branch above Lily Fawn, silhouetted by the yellow moon.

[8] Hippocrates: "One must ( ) guard against the risings of the stars, especially of the Dog Star, then of Arcturus, and also of the setting of the Pleiades. For it is at these times that diseases come to a crisis …"

[9] Cf. Golding's translation of Metamorphosis VI.553: "A cursed Owle the messenger of yll succese and lucke."

And, as Eros rang the bell a fifth time, a star fell from the sky on to the land. And, smoke ascended from its crater like smoke from a great furnace; and the heavens were darkened from the smoke.

Enter Venus, exuding an aura of seduction, clad in a lovely garment, the one half green, the other half, sable black. From her gold-gleaming hair, combed and gathered, to her silvery feet, everything about her was pure charm & harmony. To the perfection of her figure and the purity of her features she added a grace which attracted & conquered. On her sweet face she wore a smile, always. Her provocative and flirtatious glances suddenly change, venomous and punitive with stinging odious words, thus variant she is: with one eye laughing, and with the other weeping, some time sweet and some time bitter and sour, unstable and full of variance, mixed with sorrowful joy and false pleasure. Now hot, now cold, now happy, now full of woe, now green as leaf, now paling withered. And, Love, a locust, and Himeros (tender Desire), a scorpion, walked beside her. And, upon Love's head is a crown like gold; and her face resembles that of a man, but her hair was like that of a woman; and her teeth are like those of a lion. She wears a breastplate of iron; and the sound of her wings is like the roar of a chariot charging in battle. Himeros, likewise, resembles Love, but instead of wings has a terrible, stinging tail.

Eros rang the little silver bell, yet once more – for the sixth time.

Enter Mercurius, right eloquent and full of rhetoric, with polished terms and delightful words, carrying a feather pen and small open book, writing songs and singing merrily with a voice resembling the roaring of a lion. And when he cries, thunder also uttered. His hood is red-fringed above his head, and he wears a purse with herbs and plants growing out from it. A rainbow encircles his head; and brightness like the sun shines from out of his face; and his feet are like pillars of fire.

THE SPIRIT OF LIFE, *a terrifying and fiery voice from heaven speaks to Lily Fawn, saying*:

Go; take the little open book ...

And, Lily Fawn, somnambulistic, saunters to Mercurius, holding out her hands for the little book.

Mercurius gives her the little book, saying:

MERCURIUS, *to Lily Fawn*:

Take and eat it up; and it will embitter your stomach,
although in your mouth it will be sweet as honey.

Accordingly, Lily Fawn takes the little book from the hand of Mercurius and eats it up, saying:

LILY FAWN, *to Mercurius*:

Thank you … for this sweet book. I will keep it charyº as my life.[10] ºcarefully

THE LITTLE BOOK (A deep far-away voice):

That which starts sweet, ends bitter;
and that which starts bitter, ends sweet.

And it is in her mouth as sweet as honey; but when she had swallowed it, her stomach was in torture ... and Lily Fawn began to shrink down to the earth:

LILY FAWN:

O little book![11]

And, as Lily Fawn shrank down onto the earth, she cried out:

THE LITTLE BOOK / LILY FAWN:

Consummatum est …[12]

Enter Linus the Clown.

And, as Lily Fawn cries out, calliopē[13] *music strikes up as – snakelike – Linus the Clown summersaults and cartwheels across the stage; circling her, making faces, and tearing and scattering pages torn out of a book.*

[*The clown provides comic relief in contrast to Lily's initial grandeur.*]

LINUS THE CLOWN, *laughing out loud before the audience, making jest of poor Miss Lily*:

Femina fuge! Whither should "I" flie?
If vnto god, Hee'le throwe "mee" downe to hell.
"My sences" are deceiu'd, here's nothing writ.
O yes, I see it plaine! Even here in this place is writ
femina fuge! Yet shall not Lily flye![14]

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[10] Marlowe, *Doctor Faustus* II.i.165: *Faustus (in his study) to Mephostophilis*.
[11] Chaucer, *The Flower and the Leaf* 591.
[12] Latin, "*It is finished*." A blasphemous repetition of Christ's last words of victory over death and hell, uttered from the Cross, committing His Soul unto God; see John 19:30.
[13] The calliopē is a keyboard musical instrument resembling an organ, consisting of a series of whistles sounded by steam (or compressed air) and usually attached to a steam boiler, tuned to the notes of the scale, and played by keys *like those of an organ*.
[14] Marlowe, *Doctor Faustus* II.i.78 – 82: *Faustus (in his study) to Mephostophilis*.

LINUS THE CLOWN, *scrunching down before Lily, to laugh in her face*:

Vir prudens non contra ventum mingit.[15]

Lily Fawn roars out as a lioness …

LINUS THE CLOWN *tumbles and rolls offstage, laughing out loud and repeating the words*:

"Femina fuge!" *and* "Fly, Lily, fly!"

Exeunt Linus the Clown.

The Spirit of Life spake once more to Lily, e'en as Eros rang the little bell – a final time.

THE SPIRIT OF LIFE, *a voice from heaven speaking to Lily*:

Grow small, Lily Isabella Fawn.

As the little bell rings its final time...

Enter torch-bearing Lady Cynthia, last of all, and swiftest, black of colour and adorned with two horns. She appears as a young virgin, slim and subtle, with narrow hips and regular features. Her beauty is a little severe, with her hair drawn back, partly gathered in a knot on her head. She wears a short tunic which does not fall below her knees: this is, in fact, the Dorian chiton which has been turned up and the folds retained by a girdle. Her attire is grey and full of black spots, and on her breast is painted a churl bearing a bunch of thorns upon his back – [*A Hank Pine T-shirt – infer.*] *Her feet are shod with the cothurnus or laced buskin. She is accompanied by a hind. With her come lightning's, voices, and thunders, and the earth shakes as hail falls.*

Eros approaches Lily, whom has shrunk down to the earth, and stands over her, speaking to the seven planets.

EROS, *to the seven planets*:

Lo! whosoever will blaspheme
either in word or deed,
does dishonour and shame

[15] A Latin proverb, meaning: "A wise man does not piss against the wind." Figuratively, as opposed to the obvious literal interpretation, it means: "One should not do something if they do not wish to suffer the consequences." Or, concerning life-altering choices, "One should not struggle against insurmountable odds." Cf. Psalm 139:7 – 10, which praises God's omnipresence whilest suggesting the ubiquity of hell.

and should have bitter pain
for reward. This I say,
of poor wretched Lily,
in the flower of life
and yet a virgin ... for shame.

MERCURIUS, *to Eros*:

My council is that you
refer the matter to
Saturn, eldest of us here,
and him Lady Cynthia take
to thoroughly discuss
this dishonour she does
to Venus, your mother ...

EROS, *to Mercurius*:

I am content to take the two.

Thence, thus proceed Saturn and Lady Cynthia apart a way from the others, the matter thoroughly discussing. Moments later, returning with their verdict.

SATURN, *to Eros*:

Lily Isabella Fawn,
dishonour she hath done,
unto Venus, your mother,
for she loves not any other:
within this dark forest
all her life has spent
alone in loneliness ...
thus pain her love, oppress
with love's incurable,
O abominable
illness, torment the bitch
with virgin lust's sore itch.

The dismal sentence Saturn took on hand, and passed down where anxious Lily lay, and on her head he set his frosty wand: and Lily shivered so.

SATURN, *to Lily*:

Thy great fairness, today,
and all thy beauty gay,
now and for ever more,
sweet flower-face I curse:
thy wanton blood so hot,
to burn within your heart,
an itch you cannot bear
tho' at your loins you tear
as any wild, crazed beast:
thy moisture and thy heat,
to cold within you bleed
mortal lust's wanton need.

I change thy mirth, so faye,
into melancholy.

EROS, *to Saturn*:

O Saturn, cold and cruel,
too hard thy judgment rules,
malicious and angry,
you show the girl no mercy.
Fair Lily is so sweet,
gentle, amorous, meek?
Withdraw thy vicious sentence.
Be not so aggressive,
but be gracious, forgive
Lily's virginity -
't is nature's own purity.

Then Lady Cynthia, whence with curses Saturn passed away, out of her place, quickly descends down to where Lily lay, and speaks her verdict, contending the definitive sentence.

LADY CYNTHIA, *to Lily*:

Creature! I, thee, now deprive
heat of body and of mind,
purity of yine wants;
and to flesh's illness,

lust's hurt shall have no cure,
all thy days to indure ...
but in dolorous pain
all thy time to remain.

Exeunt Eros, the seven planets, and their retinue.

This sad dream, this ugly vision brought to its end, Lily Fawn awakens ... all that court and convocation vanished away; then raises herself up from where she lay, within the fairy circle, amidst honey-dripping, dewy wet daisies, violets, and narcissus plants.

A dove flutters down out of moonlight amidst sparkles and settles by her side, cooing softly. Lily caresses the dove.

THE DOVE:

Fa-la-la-la-la …

LILY FAWN, *to the dove*:

O me! sop of sorrow,
sunken in cares and woe,
gone is my joy on earth,
and all of pleasure's mirth
for now and ever more ...
my heart, it yearns so sore.

The dove flies off, disappearing back into the moonlight.

THE DOVE, *singing as it goes*:

La-la-la … *la.*

Exeunt the Dove.

LILY, *to herself*:

So cruel is my fortune,
so wicked, this, my fate,
no medicine may save ...

’t is as if to grave,
living I were consigned
and of life’s breath deprived.

I am in misery,
a slave, no longer free,
within this forest alone,
a captive in my home,
of happiness deprived,
without one true friend.
Alas! O woe is I?

Thus, struggling with her dreary destiny, weeping, but all in vain … her sorrow, her unhappy sighs, not to be remedied, nor yet her mourning abate.

As the kaleidoscopic stage lights slowly begin to dim into darkness, the voices of Lady Cynthia (*and the hind*) *are heard from nowherelseness ...*

LADY CYNTHIA, *an amplified voice speaking to the audience from off-stage*:

And yet she truly was the fairest creature
that ever had been made in mortal nature.[16]
Shadowing more beauty in airy boughs
than has the white breasts of the Queen of Love.[17]

THE HIND:

… *the* Queen of Love.

Lady Cynthia’s last words are echoed in the Hind's voice, fading into silence as darkness consumes the stage, leaving the theatre entombed within quiet emptiness.

ACT ONE: SCENE ONE: On the Golden River. – *A Lengthy Third Part Introducing Hank Pine*.

Lily Fawn
Hank Pine

Sexy Bimbette
Coon-Shouter – a white-faced fly

three ugly women

Penelope

[16] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, Dido, Queen of Carthage, Martyr 973 – 74.
[17] Marlowe, *Doctor Faustus* I.i.122 – 23: *Valdes, a magician, to Faustus – in his study.* Cf. Artemis of Ephesus, whose body is tightly sheathed in a robe covered in animal heads which leaves her bosom with its multiple breasts exposed.

Hypermnestra, Phyllis, Philomela & Procne, Lucrece – wraith women

Aurora
dancers: *two dazzling winged horses, a dog in an iron chain & a little bear*

Athena
Scritch Owl
dancers: *a nightingale, a sparrow-hawk, a dove, a snake, & a frog – some with lines*

The sound of the unseen Golden River's gentle running waters softly rises. Crickets chirp. Frogs croak.

A series of backdrop lights slowly begins to rise as rays of shimmering moonlight again take precedence in shining greenish-yellow through the forest canopy. The orb of a pale yellow moon slowly becomes less-and-less distinct: the scritch owl is perched, still.

The tranquility of the forest falls into an unnatural silence, as footsteps, quietly plashing in the running waters, wander nearer. The scritch owl cries.

THE SCRITCH OWL:

Woe! woe! woe!

Clouds begin to gather and obscure the horned moon.

Enter Three Ugly Women …

Enter Hank Pine – a masked man all dressed in black and wearing a Stetson hat. Hank half-carry half-drags a blood-dripping gunny sack; his goggles reflect moon-eyed distraught as, perused by three dreadfully ugly blue-black women, their hair bristling with snakes and blood dripping from their fiery eyes; these have the feet of clawed birds. They bear torches and wield whips.

The three ugly women[18] *whisper to each other, pointing at Hank Pine, cruelly lashing out at him with their whips …* (*it should be apparent that they are not so-much driving him before them, but more-so pursue and punish the churl*). *Their lashing whips crackle forth in scintillating sparks – as if enticing a storm. Thunder rumbles and it begins to sprinkle.*

[18] Apollodorus, I.1.4., *the castration of Sky*: [ ] Cronus cut off his father's genitals and threw them into the sea. From the drops of the spurting blood were born the Furies: Alecto, Tisiphone, and Megaera. From the drops of spurting blood both Furies and Giants grow. The genitals themselves float in the ocean for a time until they produce white foam from which the goddess Aphrodite takes shape and is born.

Enter Sexy Bimbette, spotlighted. Sexy Bimbette crosses the stage carrying a placard, on which is written, "Hank Pine: the villain." – *She incites the audience to boo Hank Pine with howls and curses and noise. Sexy Bimbette stops, bends towards Hank Pine, and sticks out her tongue at him, saucily waggling her bum towards the audience. Turning to the audience again, she smiles, curtsies, and exits blowing kisses at the audience.*

Exeunt Sexy Bimbette.

THE THREE UGLY WOMEN, *crying to each other whilest tormenting Hank Pine*:

She's dead, she's dead!

Hank Pine, struggling under the weighty blood-dripping gunny sack, falls to his knees, his forelegs in the sand, and his feet in the water. The starry heavens darken. Raising his masked face, he shakes his fist at the three ugly women and wails – and a few gentle raindrops besprinkling his face.

HANK PINE, *crying out*:

Mo-o-oa-n-no! No! not so – not my death as well as hers.

THE THREE UGLY WOMEN *refer Hank's blood-dripping gunny sack to the audience – containing THE STILL-LIVING CORPSE OF PENELOPE*:

And to him all honour did her intend.[19]

[*Penelope is Hank Pine's last perfect girl.*]

The menacing laughter of the three ugly women crescendos into a howling wind: it thunders and lightning's and begins to rain. A train whistle can be heard blowing from afar off … nearing.

. .

In the radiance of her youth, the fresh complexion of her face, the sweetness of the expression in her golden-gleaming brown eyes, and her long blond locks, not yellow but cleaving closer to white,[20] *falling in waves down onto her shoulders … hidden within the ferns and flowers, Lily Fawn watches. Breath abated. She inches closer, parting the ferns and, alas, disturbing Coon-Shouter …*

[19] Chaucer, *Anelida and Arcite* 28.

[20] Signifying not yellow, but light … hence to heavenly effulgence, solar radiance, dazzlement, truth, sanctity, youth, beauty, pure goodness – removed from sexual associations. Cherons de Villiers, *Marie-Anne Charlotte de Corday d'Armont* (Paris: Amyot, 1865), 398. Cf. Maria Warner, *From the Beast to the Blonde*, 366.

Coon-Shouter, a tremendous white-faced fly with rouged cheeks, wearing a glittering, red sequin swallow-tailed dress-jacket, purple trousers, cummerbund, and top hat; he carries a purple walking stick crowned with a crimson skull with fiery eyes.

Enter Coon-Shouter.

Dancing tap, Coon-Shouter flirts around the three ugly women, and then approaches stage front - to address the audience.

COON-SHOUTER, *pointing out Lily Fawn to the three ugly women - these are invisible to Miss Lily*:

With pureness of virginity in her face,
fulfilled of innocence and of all grace;[21]
and so womanly, benign and meek
that though you traveled all this world to seek,
not half her beauty would you ever find
in any creature of natural kind.
And she is called Lily Fawn, bright and fair ...[22]

Coon-Shouter addresses the audience: *he removes his top hat and bows, exaggerating his gestures, expressions, tone and slang.*

COON-SHOUTER, *approaching the audience – singing*:

Lily Fawn was an evil deer fawn, an evil deer fawn all her life;
she lived down by the railroad,
on the wild side of the track(s).
One night - O, Hank wandered into her forest,
totin' an old gunny sack ...
(and it was) dripping with blood - O, dripping with blood.

Meanwhile, gaining his feet, Hank Pine drops the blood-dripping gunny sack, picking up a fallen branch and swinging it around madly, ferociously, he chases away the three ugly women ... but, as these are invisible to Lily Fawn, our villain's behaviour is, to say the least, curious or even ludicrous.

Exeunt the three ugly women, flying away.

When Hank Pine relinquished his hold on the blood-dripping gunny sack, it fell open, and the body of a beautiful woman is partially exposed: Penelope.

[21] Chaucer, *Anelida and Arcite* 41 - 42.
[22] Chaucer, *Legend of Good* Women, F text Prologue 174 – 178.

Hank Pine, nearly out of his mind, weeping sore awhile, then, laughing, uses the branch to begin scraping out a hole – a shallow grave. And, Hank Pine sings:

HANK PINE, *singing to THE STILL-LIVING CORPSE OF PENELOPE, while digging her shallow grave*:

O dear love, what is wrong with you!
Your body that was so alive before,
with Death's nails is now all torn!
O can you now regret e'er being born?

Alas! your complexion, that was so red,
is all wan now that you are dead!

Alas! your lovesum blackened eyes two
look upon me now as life upon its foe!

Tell me what is wrong and how
and what may help you now!

COON-SHOUTER, *approaching Lily Fawn and pointing to Hank Pine*:

Lily Isabella Fawn here bedims your lustre bright.

Hank Pine's voice, as he sang, brought out the frogs and toads and snakes, all cold-blooded creatures of the night, round to him. Even plants and trees and stones seemed to move closer to him. Lily Fawn begins to nervously pluck daisy petals ...

LAWN FAWN, *to Coon-Shouter*:

… I am fainting with love![23]

Exeunt Coon-Shouter … laughing merrily.

HANK PINE, *still singing*:

O joys and pleasures have I none
Whom I loved is dead and gone ...
and thus in sorrow has left me
alone. Where is my love now?

[23] *Canticle of Canticles, Shepherdess* 2:5 c.

Crawling on her hands and knees through the undergrowth, Lily Fawn too, coyly approaches - with brightness of beauty shining in her face. [24]

HANK PINE, *still singing* (*to Penelope*):

O you were both fair and bright,
your spirit was so faye and blithe.
Your sweet neck was so well graced
and not a blemish was in your face,
white and smooth and straight; it was clean,
no hollows showing in cheek or chin;
your throat a round tower of ivory,
most lovely shoulders, body long
and arms well clothed with flesh ...

Hank Pine stops singing. He sets the blood-dripping gunny sack down upon a mound of black, wet earth, and climbs out of the shallow grave. – [*Note: Prop constructed on a wheeled platform.*] *Picking up the blood-dripping gunny sack, he dumps its contents - the naked still-living corpse of Penelope - into the shallow grave. Towering over the shallow grave, Hank Pine casually tosses the bloodied gunny sack off to the side, and stands silent, for a moment, looking down at the still-living corpse of Penelope ... laying in a heap within the shallow grave; hearing a sound – in the underbrush – he looks up. Our heroine, li'l Lily Fawn, freezes ... her heart drum-drum-drumming in her ears. Then, Hank Pine begins to sing again, quite softly, and begins to push dirt into the grave, pausing occasionally to look about himself suspiciously.*

HANK PINE *continues singing, softly – a tense suspicion of 'as if being watched' sneaks into his voice*:

White hands you had; your nails were red,
your breasts were round, your hips well-bred,
and lovely was your straight flat back ...

Meanwhile, as Lily lay in hiding, watching Hank Pine, listening to his singing, enters a shadowed crowd of spectral women, gathering back-stage (*on a hill overlooking the scene*): *the spectres watch Hank Pine as he sings and weeps and laughs, as he kicks dirt into Penelope's shallow grave. In the distance, a wild dog howls.*

A snake begins to slither about the shallow grave, looking into it at Penelope, remaining cautious of nearing or being approached by Hank Pine.

[24] Cf. Botticelli, *The Birth of Venus*.

A nightingale, hidden amongst the thorny rosebushes wherein Miss Lily lay hidden, sings out – quiet suddenly and unexpectedly – and, awakening from her trancelike state, Lily hears the wild dog howl as if for the first time:

THE NIGHTINGALE:

Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away to me! –
Let me wander, sweet, with you:
for see …[25]

The still-living corpse of Penelope suddenly sits up in the open grave, holding the snake – by its tail – to which she speaks:

THE STILL-LIVING CORPSE OF PENELOPE, *to the snake*:

If you love someone, can you let it show?
Hold them close to you and tell them so they know;
'cause it's too late by the grave ...

THE SNAKE, *to Penelope, weeping such as any serpent might*:

Now is no time for tears.

HANK PINE, *standing over Penelope … raises his guitar high over head*:

I don't want you to take this the wrong way, honey, but ...

THE STILL-LIVING CORPSE OF PENELOPE, *reaching out to Hank Pine, choking back tears*:

Give them all the love you have ...

Hank Pine pushes the still-living corpse of Penelope with his foot, and she falls back down into the grave.

HANK PINE, *standing over Penelope …*

… we're breakin' up!

THE STILL-LIVING CORPSE OF PENELOPE, *falling back into the grave*:

[25] *Canticle of Canticles, Shepherd* 2:10 b, c; (11 d)

... everyday.

The snake writhes free of Penelope's grasp and out of the shallow grave … towards Lily Fawn's hiding place.

HANK PINE:

Aw … gee … honey … could be worse … you could be dead.

Hank Pine kicks a boot-toe of dirt over Penelope; then, instinctively looks towards Lily … his eyes following the snake.

THE SNAKE:

I can smell blood.

. .

Enter the wraith women …

Enter Hypermnestra, youngest of them all, wearing chains and awkwardly holding a knife; she steps forward out of the shadows, approaching Hank Pine as he dumps the still-living corpse of Penelope into the shallow grave.

Her wild hair in the wind, Hypermnestra, using the knife, points out Hank Pine to the other women, and cries out:

HYPERMNESRTA, *to the others*:

Look at the pretty boy who will not have us!

HANK PINE, *softly half-talking half-singing to himself, humming when he's got not words – to the usual effect on all except the irresistible wraith women – dances as he kicks dirt into Penelope's shallow grave*:

O my breakin' ups not so hard to do.
Yup.
… not so hard to do at all.
Yup.
All ya gotta do … *do-do-do* … is dump her … dump her when you're through …

HANK PINE, *half-jumping down half-falling to his knees into the shallow grave*:

An' Baby we're through … *tra-la-la-la-la la-la-de-da*

An' Baby … O Baby I am dumpin' you …

HANK PINE, *crawling out of the shallow grave, mumbling to himself*:

Gotta make anutha perfect girl … dang-it.

Enter Philomela and Procne, feathers in their hair, following Hypermnestra forwards to the shallow grave, and as they approach, the rocks and stones, too, began to weep – turning away from Hank Pine. Procne, ripe vines hanging down from her hair, her face green-draped in ivy, a deerskin hanging at her left side, carries a man's bloody genitals in her hand, and a light, iron-tipped, leaf-growing spear in the other. Philomela holds her own bloody tongue, moaning and whimpering, in one hand, and in the other, her bloody fingers grasp a small boy's severed head by the hair. And, from behind silent lips, her mouth bleeds, the blood running over her chin, dripping unto her bosom, and running down between her breasts in a stream; Philomela makes expressive signs to her sister, and interpreting, Procne speaks for her:[26]

PROCNE, *interpreting* (*for all*) *is speaking for Philomela*:

Who was so false in love ... [27]

Procne hurls the spear at Hank Pine, aimed at his mouth, scratching his masked face; nor bruised his lips, nor was the song he was singing unbroken. The spear disappears into the shadowy undergrowth beneath the tree wherein the scritch owl is still perched. Hank Pines draws the conclusion that it was an over-hanging branch which scratched at his masked face; then, Philomela throws the severed head, which, as it sails takes on his music's charm, wavers and sways, and falls at Hank Pine's feet, turning into a black stone. At this, all the wraith women grow more violent and madness flames among the crowd: screaming, the women clap their hands upon their breasts and thighs, and this clattering tympanum soon wins way over and above Hank Pine's music. No longer charmed by music now unheard, still with echo's of Hank's music chiming through their veins, the frogs and toads and snakes, all the cold-blooded creatures of the night, turn and disappear.

Hank Pine, though, is oblivious to all … except, of course, of himself alone. And, the dirt-covered corpse of Penelope, in the shallow grave, he continues to cover with dirt.

The scritch owl swoops down, chasing after the snake. Coon-Shouter picks up the snake, protecting it, petting it. The snake wraps around Coon-Shouter.

[26] Refer to Ovid, *Metamorphosis* VI, Tereus, Procne, and Philomela.
[27] Cf. Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, Philomela 2235: "Who was so false in love & so forsworn.

Taking the knife from Hypermnestra's feeble grip, Procne, ceasing to speak, approaches Hank Pine menacingly threatening him with it, licking blood that begins to bleed from the blade ... and Hypermnestra voices her own interpretation of Philomela's signs:

HYPERMNESRTA, *surrendering the knife over to Procne*:

False lovers are often such clever ones! -[28]

The scritch owl cries again …

THE SCRITCH OWL:

Woe! woe! woe!

Enter Phyllis, now; floating down from the shadows above, her white face shaded blue; her lips and sunken eyes an even darker shade of blue. A rope around her neck dangles not down, but up – suspended in darkness. The wild dog howls again.

PHYLLIS:

A wicked fruit from a wicked tree![29]

The snake glides about on the earth around Lily Fawn, beguiling her with whispered seductions, entering her thoughts, inciting her mind with sensual ravishments – introducing discord and death to her world.

THE SNAKE, *to Lily Fawn*:

Ye shall not surely die!

Enter Eros – and the Erotes – loosing a gold-tipped arrow into Lily Fawn's heart.

EROS:

A malicious prick to stir the fire's of passion.

[28] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, Hypermnestra 2565.
[29] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, Phyllis 2392.

Lily Fawn, gasps and bites her lip, and her heart bleed from where Eros' gold-tipped arrow pierced her bosom – the arrow having completely vanished into her, wholly absorbed. Delicately, she touches the blood, looks at it on the end of her dainty white finger … and sucks her finger clean of the stain.

LILY FAWN, *gasping*:

…!

Thus Lily Fawn doth reveal herself to Hank Pine; tiny rivulets of blood trailing down her breast. Stepping out from her hiding, she surprises him. Their eyes make contact, and Hank Pine freezes ... it falls into the open grave on top of the dirt-covered corpse of Penelope.

THE NIGHTINGALE, *singing again*:

Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.[30]

To his surprise, raising his head and lifting his eyes, Hank Pine found himself in the forest, not alone, but, as he looked in front of him, he saw a very beautiful girl, approaching him with disordered hair and all scratched by the thorns and twigs she had to pass through to get to him. And, she was calling for him from two very large, red-glowing brown eyes.

Eros' silver bell can be heard ringing.

Enter Coon-Shouter, skipping around Eros and the Erotes, which try their best to flutter about close to Eros and yet avoid the repulsive Coon-Shouter.

EROS, *to Coon-Shouter*:

Harmony and chaos ...

As he speaks, Eros shoots a flurry of lead-tipped bolts, which pierce Hank Pine's cold, bleeding heart ... seeing Lily Fawn emerging from the underbrush, astonishment and terror aroused in his soul, and finally compassion for the lady, from which was born desire and agony.

COON-SHOUTER, *yelling out excitedly, gives playful chase to the snake*:

[30] Canticle of Canticles, 2:10.

Anarchy …

Exeunt Eros and the Erotes.

Enter Lucrece, two bluish-black rivulets flowing from the corners of her kohl-painted, seaweed green-shadowed eyes; rouge trickling down her powdered white face and neck from her tinted cheeks; her reddish-yellow crimped hair in rivulets twirled over her forehead. She was modestly attired in rich, silken clinging garments which covered her feet, belted at the waist. A half-brassiere lifted her bosom proudly, beneath her garment, a knife protruding from her heart, blood staining her breast and navel, and lower still. She approaches stage front, trailing blood, and addresses the audience:

LUCRECE, *to the audience*:

Struck by her beauty and her lovely face ...[31]

COON-SHOUTER, *to the snake*:

Young and bright and fair is she.[32]

PHYLLIS, *to the other women*:

Of more lovely mien
than is the flower beside the brilliant sun.[33]

LUCRECE, *continuing her speech to the audience uninterrupted*:

... her golden hair, her mien, her body's grace,
her sweet look, and ...[34]

PHYLLIS, *continuing to speak to the other women*:

And, yet in beauty twice as rich as well.

LUCRECE, *continuing her speech to the audience*:

[31] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, Roman Lucrece, Martyr 1746.
[32] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, Hypsipyle 1467.
[33] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, Phyllis 2425.
[34] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, Roman Lucrece, Martyr 1747 – 48.

... and the way that she laments,[35]
within his cold thought's torrid lust ferments.

Conceiving for her as violent a desire
as if his heart were suddenly on fire.[36]

HANK PINE, *not so much to himself, but unconsciously speaking his thoughts*:

Thy greit fairness and all thy beauty gay,
thy wantoun blude …

PHYLLIS, *continuing to speak to the other women*:

He fixes his fiery heart on her and means
to have her, however matters go.

HANK PINE, *continuing*:

… eik thy golden hair,
heir I exclude fra thee for evermair.

LUCRECE, *continuing her speech to the audience*:

So mad he was, his reason was come undone,[37]
and for her flesh his wonted must did burn.

Sech plunged him all the deeper in despair.
The more he wanted her and thought her fair.
He lusted for her with blind coveting;[38]
malicious lust, immoral delighting.[39]

After frozen moments staring at each other, hearts both on fire, Hank Pine dares make his first move ...

HANK PINE:

Will she? nil she? I'll get her into my bed.
'T is luck helps the bold man every time.[40]

[35] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, Roman Lucrece, Martyr 1748.
[36] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, Roman Lucrece, Martyr 1750 -51.
[37] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, Roman Lucrece, Martyr 1752.
[38] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, Roman Lucrece, Martyr 1754 – 56.
[39] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, Roman Lucrece, Martyr 1771.
[40] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, Roman Lucrece, Martyr 1772 -73.

... towards Lily Fawn. As he steps forward, she steps back a step, her limbs tremble, yet feel heavy like lead sinking in mud. Hank Pine creeps closer towards her. She turns, as if to flee, but stays her flight

PROCNE, *interpreting and speaking for Philomela, speaking to the other women*:

O pale with fear, she quakes most piteously,
exactly like the lamb the wolf has bitten,
or ...[41]

Seemingly, as if in slow motion, Hank Pine advances on his prey. Lily Fawn trembles and shakes, cold sweat glides down the small of her back so she shivers. In a moment the villainous churl is upon her, pouncing and embracing her with hot, passionate kisses.

PROCNE, *continuing interpreting and speaking for Philomela, speaking to the other women*:

... like the dove the eagle once has smitten,
whom somehow wriggles from the claws' grim hold,
yet lies confounded in terror cold
lest she be seized again; yes, so she was.[42]

And Lily Fawn, her virgin nature struggling, tried to free herself from Hank Pine's sordid embrace. But ...

PROCNE, *yet continuing interpreting and speaking for Philomela, speaking to the other women*:

But it was clear no other fate could be.[43]

Hank Pine seizes Lily Fawn by the throat and presses [ ] *against her, drawing her close to him ... his hand's grip more tender now, caressing her cheek and chin. She had no strength to speak: her tongue was dumb: what could she say? her mind and sense being numb. And, his fingers tangle into her golden gleaming locks as he draws her mouth in for the final, fatal first kiss.*[44]

LILY FAWN:

[41] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, Philomela 2317 – 19.
[42] Ibid. 2319 – 22.
[43] Ibid. 2323.
[44] Cf. Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, Roman Lucrece, Martyr 1894 -95.

Oh …

LUCRECE, *to no one, to any, e'en all*:

Men know a woman has no strength to fight.[45]

LILY FAWN:

Oh … no!

PROCNE, *to Philomela*:

By force the foul fiend does his shameful deed.[46]

LILY FAWN:

No … oh! please …

Enraptured so, Hank and Lily fall, rolling together across the rain-soaked forest floor, rolling together, and tumbling into Penelope's grave.

HYPERMNESTRA, *stepping forward to stand over Hank and Lily, addressing the audience*:

The Fates, those beings we call Destiny,
so crafted her that she was bound to be
kind & serious, true as steel & wise -
all ... [47]

LILY FAWN, *her resistance is feigned and feeble*:

Please … no! Oh!

LUCRECE, *also stepping forward to stand over Hank and Lily, addressing the audience*:

She begs for mercy, pleading ...[48]

[45] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, Roman Lucrece, Martyr 1801.
[46] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, Philomela 2324.
[47] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, Hypermnestra 2580 – 83.
[48] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, Roman Lucrece, Martyr 1804.

LILY FAWN:

Oh! No … don't!

HYPERMNESTRA, *to Lucrece*:

... of them good woman's qualities.[49]

LILY FAWN, *her breath flusters with unabated passions – passions never before experienced*:

No! O … no … please! O … don't … don't … stop!
O! please don't … stop! O don't stop … please,
don't stop.

The other wraith women also approach and stand around, looking down on Hank …and Lily.

LUCRECE, *to Philomela* (*and Procne*) *– who have come to stand on either side of her*:

... all she can.[50]

LILY FAWN:

No! No … no mo … oh … ooh! merci …

HANK PINE, *cruelly replying to Lily Fawn's pleas for mercy*:

You wont get that[51] … sho'!

The Nightingale flies down to Procne and steals away with Philomela's tongue, fluttering to the forest roof – flickering drops of blood stain its breast.

THE NIGHTINGALE, *singing as it flies away, pursued by the sisters*:

[49] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, Hypermnestra 2583.
[50] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, Roman Lucrece, Martyr 1804.
[51] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, Roman Lucrece, Martyr 1805.

May God avenge you!

Exeunt the nightingale.

Philomela and Procne, spurred by hot grief, both change into slow-winged birds.[52]

Exeunt Procne & Philomela as slow-winged birds.

HYPERMNESTRA, *speaking to Lucrece*:

Though Venus gave great loveliness to her,
and so had conscience, loyalty, dread of shame,
and the desire to guard her virtue's fame.[53]

LUCRECE, *answering*:

All these she thought meant happiness for her.

Coon-Shouter, now, also approaches the grave, dancing around and singing to the wraith women whom still linger thereabouts, much to their chagrin but more-so to the snake's amusement, which mimics and shadows the other's charade:

COON-SHOUTER & THE SNAKE – *each approach the graveside, both are singing and dancing*:

THE SNAKE

Dark was the night, cold was the ground,
on which the lady was laid;
the sweat like blood runs down;
in an open grave ...

COON-SHOUTER

O, bang away at Lily,
bang her good & strong,
whutcha gunna do
for a midnight screw,
when your Lily's dead & gone?

The scritch owl howls as it flies down from the branches above after the snake:

THE SCRITCH OWL:

Woe! woe! woe!

Coon-Shouter protects the snake, though, and it writhes and coils about him.

[52] Cf. Ovid, *Metamorphosis* VI, Tereus, Procne, and Philomela.
[53] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, Hypermnestra 2584 – 86.

Lucrece and the other wraith women begin to fade away from the scene, retiring back into the shadows from whence they originated … as the three ugly women, with their whips and torches, descend to take their places by the graveside, and there, to restlessly prowl around it (*in a mock dance with Coon-Shouter and the snake*).

Exeunt Lucrece; followed by the other women.

Enter a frog, sneaking up on Coon-Shouter as he sings to the snake, both of them having taken place close to front center stage. – [*Note: The snake and the audience in-so-much become identifiably one-and-the same.*]

COON-SHOUTER, *singing to the snake / audience*:

Hank - he stoles her sweet-heart,
O lawdy-gawd but she knew how to love -
boy-o-oy, how that girl could screw.
and she swore her love to be true -
true as the bright stars were above.

THE FROG, *trying to eat Coon-Shouter mid-sentence –* [*croaking in a very deep bass*]:

But the ass - [ ] - he did her wrong.

The snake gobbles up the frog, though, even as the scritch owl swoops down out of the branches after the snake.

The snake slithers behind '*the black stone*' *to escape the scritch owl, which has flown back up into the branches where it roosts.*

THE SNAKE, *its voice dissolving into an echo that fades – into silence*:

Zounds.
He was her man, but he did her wrong – *so wrong*.

THE FROG, *echoing from inside the snake*:

So wrong.

As quickly as it began, the storm abates. The clouds part, revealing the starry heavens; & in the pale illumination of the yellow moonlight, the grisly duo remove themselves from

the muddy grave. And, as birds begin to sing, Hank Pine dresses – buttoning his shirt &c. – watched by Lily.

Hank Pine picks up the muddied, bloody gunny sack and tears three holes in its bottom and side seams – this he tosses at the little Deerwoman:

Hank Pine continues the grim task of filling up the grave. Lily, though, has never worn garments before. She daintily picks the improvised dress up, holding it gingerly betwixt her dirty little fingers, unsure of what to do next.

From far off, a rooster can be heard crowing, heralding dawn. A soft breeze rustles leaves.

A final flash of lightning falls to the ground at the foot of the tree wherein the scritch owl has perched. The figure of a woman - Athena - is illuminated therein the shadowy boughs beneath that tree. Her eyes brilliantly flame, reflecting lightning flash, at which, the earth echoes with a terrible sound … and the waters of the Golden River tremble, its sparkling waves rising as dark foam.

Enter lion-headed Aurora, young and lovely, horned, her naked form protected by a long saffron veil, sparkling tears flowing from her snowy-lidded eyes, she emerges from the glimmering water of the Golden River and rises into the sky upon a purple chariot drawn by two dazzling winged horses; one is white & the other is black, and their nostrils breathe forth flame. A dog in an iron chain tied to a little bear rides on the chariot with her. She is preceded by a winged spirit flying through the air before her chariot, bearing a flaming olive branch. She wears a conical helmet with wings on its sides, surmounted by a cocks comb. She carries an urn, which she tilts, pouring forth a sparkling effluence of sparkling morning-dew.[54]

AURORA – [*speaking to none in particular*]:

Where hast thou been, where hast thou been?
Where hast thou wasted thy night?
Where hast thou wasted thy night, thy dark night?

Exeunt Aurora & her retinue.

A sparrow-hawk flies down and lands upon '*the black stone*' *and watches Lily Fawn dress her naked, mud-bespattered, scratched and thorn-torn flesh, in the nasty, bloody gunny sack.* (*She has become conscious of new and selfish carnal impulses,*

[54] Cf. Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women* 774 – 75: "… with her kindly morning gleams / had dried the grass soaked in dewy streams. More stable and sober in virtue; the brave, chaste leaf comforts the flower – indulgent delights – after a storm hast drenched them; blooming briefly and beautiful in love: *The Flower and the Leaf*

concupiscence, over which she has no control. In her lapse from grace, she has become aware and ashamed of her nakedness.)

Once so clothed, she drops to her knees, quietly singing to herself, arranging dewy-drooping dandelions on Penelope's grave.

THE SPARRROWHAWK, *flying back into the branches*:

And he wouldn't do her no wrong – no wrong.

LILY FAWN q*uietly sings to herself while planting the dandelions on the grave*:

If you love someone, can you let it show?
Hold them close to you and tell them so they know;
'cause it's too late by the grave ...
give them all the love you have, everyday.

Fresh desire for her arises within Hank Pine's cold-beating heart … and he is upon her again – pettily feeling her up:

HANK PINE, *vile whispering … but not so-much as to Lily Fawn as to nobody*:

Had I as many souls as there be stars
I'd give them all for this evil deer fawn,
and make a bridge through the moving air ...[55]

Hank Pine takes Lily Fawn by the hand and departs, dragging her away with him.

HANK PINE, *continuing, but louder … so that Miss Lily shouldst hear*:

Now that I have obtained what I desire.[56]

Enter Athena, stepping out of the steaming dawn mist and the shadows; she reveals herself fully armed, her body sheathed in the tight draperies of a long chiton, and over this, she wears a tunic of scaly mail trimmed with snakes. On her head is a conical helmet of gold with jutting cock's-comb crest, and over her left shoulder, covering her breast, is the aegis – a shield fashioned from leather, bearing in the center a decoration: the head of a horrible one-eyed woman fringed with long snaky tresses. – Dreadlocks.

[55] Marlowe, *Doctor Faustus* I. iii. *Faustus* 101 – 03.
[56] Marlowe, *Doctor Faustus* I. iii. *Faustus* 104.

She brandishes a sharp spear in her right hand, and in her left, winged Victory: an orb – the world – with the winged discus-bearing deity standing upon it.

The snake submissively writhes at her feet.

ATHENA *places one foot upon the writhing snake – so conquering it. Athena speaks to the scritch owl*:

Woe to anyone who offends modesty!

The scritch owl flies down and settles near-upon Athena's left shoulder.

THE SCRITCH OWL:

Woe-woe-woe.

ATHENA, *to the scritch owl*:

Do you not know the insult done to me and the shrine I love?

HANK PINE, *completely ignorant of Athena's blazing eyes watching him lead Lily Fawn away*:

By Word & Deed
I do as I please.

Exeunt Hank dragging Lily away.

The Grand Drape begins to slowly lower …

COON-SHOUTER *following after Hank and Lily – now off-stage – dancing and singing and waving false-hearted kisses to the audience*:

Lily Fawn was an evil deer fawn, an evil deer fawn all her life;
she lived down by the railroad,
on the wild side of the track(s).
One night - O Hank wandered into her forest,
totin' an old gunny sack ...
(and it was) dripping with blood - O dripping with blood.

ATHENA, *speaking out in a rage, angered by Hank's profanation – and Coon-Shouter's ignorance … for the nasty white-faced fly hath dared blown a kiss to her at the end*:

Why then, shameless fly, dost thine insatiable audacity enflame my anger? What ardour carries thee away? I think that [ ] thou shalt pay for all thou hast done to me!

With these words, Athena strikes the aegis with her spear. Drawing aback, she stabs her spear into the earth and picks up '*the black stone*' *from where it was lying, and this she hurls at the impetuous Coon-Shouter, striking him on the neck. His knees give way and he falls as the Grand Drape falls ... Athena is standing motionless, watching Coon-Shouter pick himself up, clean-sweeping his clothes, and fumbling with his hat, which he has fallen upon and badly dented. He looks towards Athena, pouting with exaggerated features and, as he puts a hand to the sore bump on the back of his head, he turns and leaves.* [*Coon-Shouter hereafter appears wearing a dented top hat.*]

Exeunt Coon-Shouter.

ATHENA:

Vain fool!

And, as the Grand Drape closes shut, THE STILL-LIVING CORPSE OF PENELOPE, *a ghostly spectre, rises from her shallow grave and speaks*:

THE CORPSE OF PENELOPE, *a ghostly spectre …*:

Only death can free lovers.

ACT ONE. SCENE TWO – Part the First: *On the Wrong Side of the Tracks*.

Lily Fawn
Hank Pine

Sexy Bimbette
Coon-Shouter

a black-faced looking glass (*containing the Blood Countess*)

a gate & a door – both having voices

part-manimal and part-mechanical fleshapoids & winged-monkeys – dancers

assorted red-eyed rats, hairy worms, spiders, flies and other vermin - Hank Pine's friends

a large, black standard poodle – a shadow-dancer
a moth - dancer

As the Grand Drape rises – Enter Sexy Bimbette is dancing with a placard [*on which is written,* "The Wrong Side of the Tracks." *At the end of her dance –* [*the Grand Drape not quite fully raised yet*] *– she curtsies and exits* (*taking the placard with her*).

Exeunt Sexy Bimbette.

The backdrop: the dawning sun rising red and orange, rays of light wafting through wispy, pink and purple tinted clouds, dripping with the faintest suggestion of a rainbow.

Lighting: bright stage lighting slowly begins to dim as a shadowy suggestion of cloudy gloom precedes Hank Pine – still leading Lily in hand.

SPECIAL EFFECT: As Hank Pine leads Lily Fawn across the stage, the backdrop (*behind them*) *– a painted curtain on rollers – rotates. Infer.*

Hank Pine has led Lily Fawn out of her forest bower and across the Golden River, away, to his hovel – on the wrong side of the tracks – only-but just beyond the furthest outskirts of Kissin' Town.

A bullet-riddled sign: this placed at the edge of the set (*in an innocuous spot – stage front facing the audience – it reads,* "*Kissin' Town Limits.*"

Enter Sexy Bimbette, still being pursued by Coon-Shouter: She runs and hides behind the sign, keeping it between herself and her antagonist – the sign is turned about in their cat-and-mouse antics, to reveal the other side of the sign to the audience – a bloody-dripping broken heart. Whereby, it is set near the crooked corner of a high, red-brown crumbling-brick wall, one as constructed with grey stones, being full of holes, and crowned with gnarled and rusted barbed-wire, having a twisted wrought iron gate, broken and awkwardly hanging on rusting hinges. [*This prop, on a wheeled platform, is brought onstage by stagehands – pretty girls wearing construction hats and tool belts.* (*After the prop is secured, these leave.*)]

Exeunt Sexy Bimbette (*without the sign*).

THE GATE, *speaking its welcoming to Hank Pine and its warning to Lily Fawn*:

Abandon all hope.[57]

Hank Pine leads Lily Fawn through the gate – [*backdrop changes as follows*] – *into a once-upon-a-time garden, long-time derelict and now forgotten, barren naught but o'ergrown with stinking, thorny weeds: a miasma of ancient sin, chaos and decay … an enigmatic world of ruin – so to speak, on the wrong side of the tracks – and, so surrounded by the suspicious rumours of the good citizens of nearby Kissin' Town … Miss Lily's new home – surrounded by a savage forest of equivocations, treacheries and the un-communicated talk of the doomed.*

Cloudy gloom darkening.

Hank Pine draws Lily Fawn through the garden, past what appears to be what once was the elevated base of some now-long-gone sculpture or monument, therein the middle of the yard: [*This prop, on a wheeled platform, is brought onstage by stagehands – pretty girls wearing construction hats and tool belts.* (*After the prop is secured, these leave.*)]

Props on wires, as well as dancers (*on wires*): *Large rats with red glowing eyes roam about freely, perching in the branches of dead and dying trees, and a gang of wicked, winged monkeys, like vultures, are circling overhead; instead of leaves, these tree-branches are covered in slime. Great and terrifying moths and hairy worms, huge slugs, and snails, and other creepy-crawling, biting and stinging vermin can be seen everywhere.* [*It is suggested that the yard is otherwise littered with crushed beer cans, broken bottles, and other junk food refuse and fast food detritus.*]

Dancers: Horrific part-manimal part-computachine humanistic grotesquities skitter and scrunch, aptly from rock to rock: glad their buddy is home, all blow kisses at Hank Pine, peeking and stealing glances at his companion … doe-eyed Lily Fawn.

> Now Mark: Miss Lily Fawn – our little heroine – has lost her ability to communicate in the common tongue with nature …she can't understand these awfully strange and mostly grotesque creatures. And, she is frightened.

GHOSTLY SOUND EFFECT – WIND/ORGAN – The Door: "Ou-ue-ee-ieee ie-ieee-eee-ee-e e-e haa-aah ha ha ha" and "shrie-ee-eee-eeek" and "o wow ow ow" … maybe to a thermin-like Voodoo Child-like theme.

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[57] In the Inferno, the gates of hell bear the inscription:
Through me the way into the suffering city,
Through me the way to the eternal pain,
Through me the way that runs among the lost.
Justice urged on my high artificer;
My maker was divine authority,
The highest wisdom, and the primal love.
Before me nothing but eternal things were made,
And I endure eternally.
Abandon every hope, ye who enter here.

Stage lights dim – gloomy darkness falls over the stage. Hank and Lily remain in a dull-dimming spotlight which, slow-shrinking, follows the deadly duo.

The villain pulls our heroine up the creaking stairs to the door of his hovel to a door which speaks, saying:

THE DOOR:

Be bold, be bold.

[*This prop, on a wheeled platform, is brought onstage by stagehands – pretty girls wearing construction hats and tool belts.* (*After the prop is secured, these leave.*)]

SPECIAL EFFECT – KLEIDESCOPIC LIGHTING – created by oil and food colour in a glass or plastic tray, moved over an overhead projector; *this dripping down until the whole set is glazed over in swirling colours which dim to darkness - infer.*

Hank Pine pushes open the unlocked the door and, it, creaking, opens – a sound effect: *a fly's buzzing. Then, as Hank Pine pushes Lily Fawn through the dark-gaping portal into the gloomy hovel – the slowly shrunken, dull-dimmed spotlight fades into gloomy darkness. – Stage lighting extinguishes: House lights extinguish, darkening behind them.*

SPECIAL EFFECT LIGHTING (*fore-part of the stage*): *a backdrop resembling a multiplicity of cracks; as dreary light seeping in from between rough wall-boards. – The wall-boards are unpainted. The window is boarded up. –* (*Much of the window-pane glass is broken.*)

The props for the hovel are at the back edge of this set – a table, a bed, a stool, a long, dark looking glass, as well as a pot-bellied stove (*with yucky pots and pans cluttered upon it*).]

Stage light slowly brightens up – yet doth not but much more than glow dim enough to light the scene.

LILY FAWN, *stumbling through the door, having been so rudely pushed, and tumbling in a heap upon the dusty floor – a cloud of dust rising about her*:

Oh ...

Hank Pine, silhouetted, framed within the door, slams the door shut behind him as he steps o'er the threshold into the Stygian gloom; the dank room is timelessly stilled, and damp smelling – repugnantly unpleasant.

LILY FAWN, *her voice feeble & trembling*:

Or? Or what?

(*Enter*) *Coon-Shouter – actually, already in the blackness of the room – unseen. He fires a large wooden match, motioning with the flame in a very deliberate manner – up and down, around, and under his face, whispering* [*amplified – for the audience*]:

COON-SHOUTER, *whispering to the audience*:

Hank is so unlucky as to have to wear a mask, because he is so frighteningly ugly that ...

Coon-Shouter hesitates to extinguish the flame, though, instead puts fire to a big, fat joint which he jauntily sets into the corner of his mouth – and with the cherry-glow of this, dances.

As Coon-Shouter's match goes out Hank Pine strikes a not-so-large match.

Hank Pine fires a match. He is standing in a dark corner of the hovel, by a small rickety table, lighting a black candle which is affixed to a yellowed human skull with missing teeth and wearing a pirate's patch over one eye. – [*The pirate patch should be changed from eye-to-eye scene-to-scene. –* (*It will animate, infer*).] *A broken hourglass stands by the skull, and white sand has spilled out from the broken glass, forming a small pile at its base. Cobwebs hang betwixt the hourglass and the skull. –* [*A tiny little tombstone sticks out of the sand, and on it is written – the spider.*]

Enter a moth which dances with the flickering candle-light and continues to do so throughout the rest of the scene.

In the dimly illuminated dingy room a clock can be seen hanging askew on the wall, one twisted hand hangs down motionless, the other is ineptly trying to spin backwards, and making a click-click-click sound, which has always been therein the room, only now becoming noticeably more apparent. Furthermore, the inner sanctum of Hank's hovel somewhat more-or-less resembles the littered grounds outdoors.

COON-SHOUTER, *still whispering, saunters over to the table:*

... all the women and all the girls ran away from him – the cur.

Remaining in the shadows, Hank Pine turns his back on Lily Fawn, removes up his mask, hangs it on a bedpost, and throws himself back onto the shoddy, squeaky bed amidst much unsettled dust and squeaking. – [*The squeaking continues irregularly throughout the scene.*]

LILY FAWN:

I'll be good.

As Lily Fawn speaks, she notices an attractive reflection (*of another flickering light, coming from beyond the table, on the other side of the room*). *She gingerly steps forward, cat-like …the floorboards creak. The bed-springs squeak.*

Lily freezes mid-step.

Lily Fawn moves across the floor with slow, cautious softly placed steps – and with each step that she takes, floorboards creak. And, when a floorboard creaked, she would stop … and listen to the bed-springs squeak. Eventually, she approaches the reflection – an enormous, black looking-glass, in which she could vaguely recognize herself; but it was not her visage so-much as a soft-swirling, clouded image, or images – hypnotic scenes of small, dark-complexioned, violet-haired, pure honey-smiling woman – erotic scenes, horrific phantasmy of things she'd never before dreamed or imagined.

Lily Fawn freezes …surprised to discover that her hand she'd extended, reaching in to the looking-glass. Hank Pine speaks and she turns her head to look at him.

Lily withdraws her hand, still staring into the looking-glass – and, the face [*of the Blood Countess*] *within the black and dusty mirror speaks, saying*:

THE LOOKING-GLASS, *in the Blood Countess' voice*:

Be bold; be bold, but not too bold.

LILY FAWN, *gasping*:

Oh!

COON-SHOUTER, *whispering* (*to the audience*):

The only time she's seen her reflection is when her beautiful visage was mirrored in the water of the Golden River when stooping to drink thereof.

The reflection in the mirror is not hers … it belongs to the Blood Countess, which appears as a spectre floating on the black face of the looking-glass, seemingly reaching out to Lily.

Beguiled – by the cloudy floating visage forming the looking-glass, Lily begins to reach out to the spectral image:

THE BLOOD COUNTESS, *whom, as she speaks, reaches out and draws her long blood-black fingernails over Lily's paled cheek and chin*:

O thou arthe most beautiful of all.

Her eyes grown big, consumed by dark-terror and, frozen with icy-fear, Lily Fawn's flustering heart-bleat grows as loud now in her ears as heavy within her bosom. Thus, transfixed before the image in the mirror which has not only appeared to reach out, but … but actually touch her. And, as the Blood Countess caresses Lily's hair, her fingers begin to tangle with her tresses, knotting tensely, yet … only for an instant. – And, in that same instant, the reflection takes on the substance of a woman, as if she was reaching through a window … the Blood Countess withdraws her caress, crimson blood slowly draining down over the mirror's face, darkening it again, and reflecting nothing.

The candle blown out – the stage is left dimly alit by the dull outside light seeping in through cracks. A dim spotlight frames Lily, still by the table. The floorboards creak with her unsure steps as she moves through the darkness into the shadows to Hank. A large, black standard poodle moves out of the shadows (*under the bed*) *to trip her.* [*There are sounds as she tumbles into the bed as it nips her in her tush*.]

LILY FAWN:

Oh!

Hank Pine laughs, his laugh growing coarser as he grabs at her, pulling her down by his side and rolling over on top of her as she struggles.

HANK PINE, *knocking on the headboard, persistently*:

Open up 'the door' &c.

Lily Fawn remains silent as black travelers – [*decorated with skulls and hearts*] *– slowly draw shut ending the scene.*

House lights begin to slow go up.

Enter Sexy Bimbette, drawing one of the black travelers; Coon-Shouter draws the other. When they meet in the middle, Coon-Shouter begins to pester the poor girl, bothering her with much unsolicited attention, following after her. She has to slap his face, because he won't leave her alone, and then storms off-stage in a huff.

Exeunt Sexy Bimbette – in a huff.

Coon-Shouter turns to the audience and shrugs – his cheek bears the blush of a dainty handprint where he'd been slapped:

COON-SHOUTER, *to the audience*:

Women … go figure!

COON-SHOUTER, *calling out after Sexy Bimbette* (*off-stage*):

Hey … you … wait *up*.

Exeunt Coon-Shouter (*after Sexy Bimbette*).

ACT ONE. SCENE TWO – A Second Part: *A Cold, Dark Reality.* – [Animated]

Lily Fawn
Hank Pine

the Still-Small Voice – that pre-natal voice-within which has been with us from our infancy

Coon-Shouter
Sexy Bimbette

Mary-Jane Bo-Peep – a shepherdess
sheeple – [*the little one is black*] – *dancers*

a large, black standard poodle – a dancer

the Good and Bad Angels

the fire (in the fireplace) – having an awful bellowing & roaring voice

The black travelers begin to slowly open, and birdsong begins to rise. – [*The clicking of the broken-faced clock is gone. – So is the clock.*]

THE STILL-SMALL VOICE – *an off-stage voice narrating*:

When Lily Fawn awoke the next morning and found herself soul alone, she cried and grieved and wanted to run away, but she could not, because the hovel was enchanted. The door let people enter, but no one could leave. – Not without Hank's say-so. There was plenty to eat and drink, everything that an evil deer nun could desire, but she did not want anything and did not take a single bite. She could neither see nor hear Hank Pine, but the birds sang wonderfully.

Enters Lily Fawn thus – wearing a white sack marked sugar, which she hath fashioned into a simple dress – designed by her after the pattern of Hank Pine's improvised burlap gunny-sack dress.

The set is as was last scene, yet very much gayer …brilliant shining daylight streams in through the window now. – Lily Fawn has been removing the dry and brittle planking that had long ago been boarded over them, and fussily busies her with cleaning the dirty glass … even the broken pieces.

And, as the black travelers commence opening apart, Sexy Bimbette reappears on stage:

Enter Sexy Bimbette.

SEXY BIMBETTE, *to the audience*:

O … and by-and-by, it's the next morning, y'all. *I-ie-e-eek* …

An exaggeratedly large lamb's-crook, decorated with satin-ribbon and a bow, has stretched forth from off-stage to cradle Sexy Bimbette within its crook; so captured, the demoiselle struggles to free herself, and this produces forth Coon-Shouter … holding on the other end of the pole. Sexy Bimbette and Coon-Shouter thus cross the stage in this fashion.

THE STILL-SMALL VOICE, *continuing off-stage narration* (*until drowned out by bells - infer*):

There were deer grazing around and about outside the wall and they looked longingly from afar off at their princess with large brown eyes. – But she had lost her natural ability of un-communicated animal speech.

Enter Mary-Jane Bo-Peep – [*accompanied by the sound of bells*] – *crossing front stage after Coon-Shouter* (*and Sexy Bimbette*): *sheeple prance about her in the guise of nuns and bearing instruments of torture. – A little black lamb follows close behind, struggling to push and pull a red wagon* (*and guillotine*).

Exeunt Sexy Bimbette and Coon-Shouter.
Exeunt Mary-Jane Bo-Peep et all sheeple.

Lily Fawn is looking out an open window. The morning wind curls her golden locks and pours fresh color over her face.

The poodle dances on tippy-toes closer to Lily, blushing with a lecherously lurid smile (*to peek up her dress*) – *purling up against her leg* (*like a cat*) *before …*

LILY FAWN, *turning away from the window and sighing*:

Oh, if only someone were here, even if it were that miserable masked-man. I would kiss him and hug him and love him and honor him!

Lily Fawn is about to pet the poodle – but it woofs … and, startled, Lily pulls aback away from it – furthermore, as it woofed, it spoke, saying:

THE POODLE, *to Lily*:

Tussle me, scuffle me
soft and gentle me pet
or I will nip you and bite you in the bum … again.

Lily is not so-much astonished as relieved … for the chance of company.

THE POODLE, *continuing* (*the narration*):

Listen! At midnight he pulls off his mask and becomes an ordinary man. And, if he … if he … 'tee-hee-haw' – 'knocks on your bedroom door' – 'guffaw' – do not let him in, however much he asks and begs, not the first night, not the second night, and especially

not the third night. During the third night, after he has tired himself out talking and has fallen asleep, take the mask, make a large fire, and burn it.

Enter Hank Pine. – The bird-song (*outside*) *begins to dissolve away to the sound of approaching footsteps in gravel. A dark, shadowy figure appears outside the window where-at Lily and Pigeon are sitting.*

THE POODLE *continues, but in a serious-minded whisper – having to clear his throat once*:

Remember! Miss evil deer nun! lock – *harrumph* – 'your bedroom door' … securely … so that he cannot get in and do not open it when he – *um* – scratches – *uh* – on 'the door'!

The shadowy figure moves away from the window, the footsteps now falling on creaky wooden porch-planking. – The doorknob rattles, and then the door slowly opens on its creaky hinges.

THE POODLE, *sneaking into a corner and returning to an inanimate state*:

If you cherish your love! –

Enter Hank Pine.

Reprise – "*Don Juan Triumphant*".

Hank Pine enters. – The black poodle returning to the shadows from whence it came. Lily Fawn stands up [*hoping that the masked man would notice her new dress or how nice the place looked.*]

Hank Pine still stands at the yet-open door, looking around the room with silent indifference, his goggle-eyed gaze falling at last upon the little Deerwoman.

… the black travelers shut, briefly, and begin to slowly open again. – Dim moonlight seeps in through the cracks in the wall-boards, as before, but now a horned moon and a small star can be seen through the window. – The set is therefore brighter.

HANK PINE, *sourly*:

Do it! [*&c.*]

As the black travelers open the Still-Small Voice continues to narrate …

THE STILL-SMALL VOICE, *continuing off-stage narration*:

The first night Hank Pine asked and begged Lily to open ‘her door’ … but she answered:

LILY FAWN:

No, I’ll not do it!

THE STILL-SMALL VOICE, *continuing narration*:

… and she did not do it.

Hank Pine is looming over Lily Fawn – both are in the squeaky bed:

THE STILL-SMALL VOICE, *continuing*:

The second night he asked her even more sweetly …

HANK PINE, *semi-sweetly*:

Do it! [*&c.*]

THE STILL-SMALL VOICE, *continuing*:

… but she did not answer at all. She just buried her head in a pillow, and ‘the door’ she did not open.

HANK PINE, *sweetly singing*:

Do it! [*&c.*]

THE STILL-SMALL VOICE, *continuing*:

The third night he asked her so touchingly and sang such beautiful melodies to her, that she wanted to roll over and open ‘the door’ for him, but fortunately she remembered … and pulled the bedcovers over her head, and did not open ‘the door’ – Hank Pine rolled over and fell asleep complaining.

The bed springs cease to squeak as Hank Pine begins to softly mumble in his sleep and snore and Lily Fawn attempts to sneak out of the bed …

THE STILL-SMALL VOICE *continues* (*narrating – Lily’s actions should coincide*):

While he slept she crept out of bed and prowled on tiptoe to get his mask, and then over to the fireplace …

Lily slinks over to the fireplace and stands in awe of the mask, holding it out before the flame, to admire it … before throwing it in.

Enter Good Angel and Bad Angel emerging out of the darkness on either side of the fireplace, lingering unnoticed throughout the scene and gossiping amongst them quietly.

THE GOOD ANGEL, *to Lily – although unheard*:

Look at that mask! How revolting ...

LILY FAWN, *a casual remark which interrupts the two angels*:

How cute!

The two angels speak to Lily – simultaneously – although both are unheard.

THE GOOD ANGEL, *staring in disbelief at Lily*:

Throw it in, Lily. Throw it … *into the fire.*

THE BAD ANGEL, *to Lily, with a hint of cold amusement - unheard*:

Don't do it, Lily; don't … *do it*.

THE STILL-SMALL VOICE *continuing*:

… and she threw it in.

… and, not knowing what to do next, stands quite still looking at flame – stupefied – as the flames loomed higher.

THE FIRE, *to Lily – sudden and unexpected*:

Fe-e-ed me-e!

Lily is startled.

THE FIRE, *more demanding this time*:

- More … ***me***!

As poor little Lily fumbles and fidgets, looking hither-and-thither and nowhere-in-particular, not knowing what to do or how to react …

THE FIRE, *much more demanding this time, shaking*:

Gim-m-mie mo-or-roar!

LILY FAWN, *to the fire*:

Oh! No. No, please don't …

LILY FAWN, *waving her hands in distraught, putting fingers to her lips, sshing the flame*:

… don't wake him. O! – ssh – ssh – ssh …

The bedsprings squeak as Hank rolls over – awakened – and sits up as the fireplace furiously roars out flame and smoke.

LILY FAWN, *like a cornered mouse, jittery-squirming helter-skelter*:

O … no-no-no …

HANK PINE, *jumps out of bed - howling and clawing at his face*:

My face – my face – my face, &c.

HANK PINE, *threatening and begging and growling, again-and-again*:

My mask – my mask – my mask, &c.

The black trailers begin to close.

THE STILL-SMALL VOICE, *continuing off-stage narration*:

But she did not open 'the door' and she would not give him the mask, however fiercely he howled and growled or begged or threatened.

The fireplace flashes again, with an enormous bang – as if heaven and hell had exploded.

As Lily Fawn squeals in terror, the set falls into blackness. – [*All stage lights extinguish.*]

Hank Pine is at the fireplace – [**BANG**] *– bottom lighting from the flame momentarily shining up on him before dying out.*

THE STILL-SMALL VOICE, *closing narration, voice dying away*:

The flame flashes again, with an enormous bang, as if heaven and hell had exploded. Standing before her was the most handsome man in the world, and the hovel was transformed into a beautiful castle, and the dilapidated yard a blossoming garden.

The black trailers close. Music for "*Don Juan Triumphant* – [*Reprise*]" *dies.*

ACT ONE. SCENE TWO – The Second Part, *continued*: *A magnificent illusion.* – [Animated]

Lily Fawn
Hank Pine

Sexy Bimbette
Coon-Shouter

the looking glass & the Blood Countess

Lily's Fate & a young girl

Homuncubus – a terrible little man

the Good Angel and the Bad Angel

THE STILL-SMALL VOICE, *opening narration*:

So it was Lily Fawn lived on with Hank Pine … being waited on by 'invisible servants'; but she soon got tired of the solitude and, next day …

Enter Sexy Bimbette, wearing butterfly wings, fluttering across the stage with a placard on which is written, "The Next Day." – *She is escorted by Coon-Shouter, who stops mid-front-stage to address the audience …*

COON-SHOUTER, *spinning about to the audience – an exaggerated bow*:

O, Lily was a lady,
had a shack in Kissin' Town;
she tried to keep her reputation up,
but ...

Sexy Bimbette slaps his cheek again, obviously still impressed by the handprint, and …

THE STILL-SMALL VOICE, *continuing opening narration*:

… when that beast, Hank Pine, came to her, though he looked so terrible, she had been so well treated that she had lost a great deal of her terror of him. They spoke together about the garden outside and about the house and about all manner of things, so that Lily Fawn lost altogether her fear of Hank Pine. And …

… as before, Sexy Bimbette curtsies before exiting – [*disappearing between the travelers*] *– blowing kisses to the audience ... and Coon-Shouter, weak-kneed, chases and catches kisses, holding them to his heart.*

The Good Angel and the Bad Angel from the last scene begin to open the travelers.

Exeunt the Good Angel and the Bad Angel.

While the black travelers are yet opening, Sexy Bimbette playfully returns on stage (through the parting travelers) to blow more kisses at Coon-Shouter … and the audience. Then, lifting her skirt to panty-flash all, she exits, backing off-stage – and so luring all eyes.

Exeunt Sexy Bimbette: blowing kisses to all.

COON-SHOUTER, *continuing*:

... she couldn't keep her skirt down.

Coon-Shouter, with a graceful bow and sweep of his arm, directs the audience's attention to Lily Fawn [*as a soft spotlight slowly rises on her – the sound of singing birds also slowly rising.*] *Coon-Shouter backs away into the darker recesses of the stage.*

Exeunt Coon-Shouter.

Lily Fawn sits before the looking-glass combing her hair. She is wearing her nun's habit, now.

LILY FAWN, *singing to the looking-glass*:

I'm a prisoner …

The surface of the looking-glass begins to cloud over with swirling kaleidoscopic-smoke. And, the visage of the small, dark and beautiful woman – the Blood Countess – begins to form upon its surface.

LILY FAWN, *singing*:

… of love. And I'm so in love with him, but ... he could never, ever be in love with me. O what a crime it is to be so in love.

O truly, I am the loneliest creature in existence.

O so alone ...

THE BLOOD COUNTESS, *reaching out to Lily*:

Not so alone ...

LILY FAWN, *her voice trailing, stunned by the woman semi-emerging forth out of the looking glass*:

… in … love … *oh*!

The Blood Countess reaches out caressing Lily, as she'd done before, running her long, slender fingers over Lily's cheek and chin, fondling her hair ... first, one hand, and then the next. And, then, reaching out further, her head and breasts emerging from behind the looking-glass, she takes Lily's head in both her hands and begins to draw her into a kiss ... pulling her into the looking-glass.

As the spotlight goes up on Lily, the stage lights follow – slowly going up. A gentle rap upon the door becomes a quiet knock.

THE STILL-SMALL VOICE, *opening narration continued*:

… where-as before she was a prisoner in his horrible hovel, now she is the queen of her own beautiful castle. – A magnificent illusion.

The knocking continues, savage enough to make the door rattle.

THE STILL-SMALL VOICE, *voice being drowned out by the loud banging, as follows*:

Poor Lily, though, hadn't any idea how – to open 'the door' …

The knock becomes a loud banging – [*the stage lights begin to erratically flicker on-and-off*] *– and, Miss Lily, tearing herself from the mirror, steps aback aghast, staring in horror at the mirror.*

Exeunt the Blood Countess, into the mirror.

The persistent knocking, now a banging, freezes Lily Fawn as motionless as a statue as the door is suddenly thrown open – [*house lights begin to so flicker as well*] *– to admit the caller.* [*All lights go out* (*and the scene is momentarily in silence*).] *A strong gust of wind blows in as a tall woman with her head covered – Lily's Fate – enters.*

Enter Lily's Fate – spotlighted – a voluptuous woman wearing a long green satin dress, her arms deathly pale and resembling bones, and in hand she holds an exquisitely carved ebony wheel. She is accompanied by a young girl. Thick low-swirling cloud precedes them and lingers, slowly dissipating.

LILY'S FATE, *her voice resounding as a frightful wind*:

I am Lily's Fate.

The spotlight widens to include the young girl … and Lily.

THE YOUNG GIRL, *to Lily, her gentle voice, at first tender, quickly mimics the wind. –* [*To the sound of wind-chimes.*]:

Don't get upset. She won't blame you or punish you for your mistakes. She is merely wondering ***"What in heaven has brought such a charming young girl to such a terrible place."***

Lily sat down on the floor in a heap and cried for a long time. – Her tearful show of grief knowing no end.

LILY'S FATE, *as before*:

Lily, when would you prefer your life to be pleasant and easy? While you are young or when you become old?

Lily thought for a long time. – Lily's Fate and the young girl swirling about her. Finally, out of desperation, and choking in tears, she replied …

LILY FAWN, *more-so questioning than in answer*:

When I am old!

LILY'S FATE:

It will happen as you have wished.

Lily's Fate twists the wheel and Lily watches it spin freely around; and, as it spun a cloud of dust rose around her. – [A special effect involving black-stage performers wafting sheer-shimmering cloth studded with glowing alchemical symbols.] When it stopped, both the woman and the girl had disappeared [back out the door – leaving the ebony wheel on the floor by the mirror]. The door swings on its hinges, blown shut again by the wind …

Exeunt Lily's Fate and the young girl.

Enter Homuncubus. – Spotlighted in eerie glow.

… revealing Homuncubus, a terrible little man, standing behind the door. – The door slams shut. Stage lights continue flickering but house lights also begin to rise up and fall.

Leering and drooling at the corners of his evil-twisted mouth, he approaches Lily Fawn. – Much to her chagrin.

HOMUNCUBUS, *leering*:

Good evening, little roe … and why are your doe-eyes bitterly weeping so?

LILY FAWN, *crying*:

Oh! I want to get out of this room and return to the forest, but I haven't the faintest notion of how to 'open the door' – how is it to be done? or, where to go!

Homuncubus sneakily slides closer …

HOMUNCUBUS, *pretended pleasantry*:

And what will you give me if I help you?

LILY FAWN, *still crying, but now sprouts a sense of hope afar off in her voice*:

I have nothing to give …

HOMUNCUBUS, *dropping the charade of pretended pleasantry and sounding somewhat menacing*:

Nothing!

Enter the Good Angel and the Bad Angel – [*closing the black trailers*] – *as Lily repels Homuncubus and runs to a corner; mortified, she runs to-and-fro about the room relentlessly pursued by the terrible little man. Eventually she runs to hide behind the mirror, tripping over the ebony wheel* – (*left there by Lily's Fate and the young girl*), *and falls into the mirror* – [*sound effect of breaking glass*] – *the Blood Countess, laughing insanely, reaches out and grabs her, pulling her into the mirror …*

THE EBONY WHEEL, *spinning freely and speaking with the voice of Lily's Fate*:

You have not suffered enough ...

… and right through it. Homuncubus has hold of her long luxurious locks but cannot enter into the reflection and is seen frantically stamping and furiously pound pound pounding on the other side of the mirror. But he cannot pass through.

Lily pulls and frees herself, tumbling backwards into darkness [*as stage lights go out*].

Trailers close shut. House lights continue to rise and fall, throbbing irregularly, as the set is withdrawn on its rollers into the wings. The Blood Countess' insane laughter echoes … mixed with Homuncubus' enraged tantrum.

Lily screams [*beginning the next scene*].

ACT ONE: SCENE THREE: The CATACOMBS Of The LOST GIRLS.

Lily Fawn
Hank Pine

the Good Angel and the Bad Angel

Sexy Bimbette
Coon-Shouter

the Still-Small Voice

Joanelida – the pretty girl without a tattoo

Casxandra – Hank's new perfect woman
an eidolon of Athena

a moth-eaten curtain

slithering serpents – dancers

the bodies of dead women – dancers
a baby

Lily's screams end the cacophony and madness concluding the last scene.

Enter Sexy Bimbette.

House lights stabilize as Sexy Bimbette crosses the stage flirting with the audience. She carries a placard which reads, **"Catacombs of the Lost Girls."** [*As Sexy Bimbette nears center stage* (*front*)*, the house lights begin to slowly drop; and, as she nears center stage front, the Good Angel and the Bad Angel appear from behind the black travelers and part them* [*to darkness*].

Exeunt the Good Angel and the Bad Angel.

Exeunt Sexy Bimbette.

An all-black fore-curtain has been lowered – this now is raised.

The entire set has been removed. – A backdrop curtain is painted to resemble a cave. – Prehistoric pictographs (*and many bloody-black handprints*) *are obvious.*

THE STILL-SMALL VOICE:

Throughout the mirror her body burst – so fair – so
that she saw on every side of her.

Enter Lily Fawn – vaguely spotlighted – on an elevated platform with the back of the looking glass behind her, aback in shadow. Lily Fawn is struggling to free herself of Homuncubus' grip on her tresses.

[*The stage is in darkness except for an elevated light source … which is seen as light coming through the looking glass. Light from the room on the other side of the looking-glass illuminates a twisted staircase descending below Lily. Homuncubus can be seen still clawing at the other side of the mirror*.]

Lily pulls herself free of Homuncubus and tumbles down the twisted staircase into ever-growing darkness. – No one step neither is level nor squared and all are askew, some are missing.

[MUSICAL BACKGROUND: *First piece for Theremin and saw.*]

THE STILL-SMALL VOICE, *continuing*:

The wind had purified the air
and dissipated misty clouds from the glass;
extremely cold became icy ill
and whistling …

As she descends it grows darker – [*the light behind the mirror dims*] *– until Lily is engulfed entirely within stygian blackness.*

Eerie mechanical sounds rise: a loud and shrill whistling reminiscent of a broken high-C calliope-pipe.

Enter (*the ghost of*) *Joanelida. – A ghastly spectre emerging forth from a curtain*: (*infer*):

THE GHOST OF JOANELIDA, *her voice a soft, gentle whispering breeze –* (*off-stage voice*):

Don't be afraid. You're not alone.

[*Lily lands before the ratty curtain, pale light shining through tears and worn-out sections in the material, dimly illuminating the landing. As the ghost of Joanelida – once the most beautiful woman in the whole realm of fantasy and make-believe …a red-head of legendary beauty – speaking so, as she emerges forth, and as a different source of light slowly brightens* (*from behind the ragged, ratty-tattered and torn moth-eaten curtain hanging over a rough cave mouth*). *Note – Joanelida* (*only*) *wears one blue garter.*]

Exeunt Joanelida, (*vanishing into shadow*).

And, as the ghost of Joanelida vanished back behind the curtain … it spake unto Lily – lying in a heap at the bottom of the stairs – daring draw it aback to take a peek-see … [*to see whom it is which hath spoken unto her so serenely*]: *the eerie mechanical sounds becoming louder. The curtain speaks, saying*:

THE CURTAIN, *as Lily draws it aback* (*for to pee-a-boo behind it*):

Be bold; be bold, but not too bold, lest your heart's blood should run cold.

Lily Fawn, still in a heap, parts the curtain and peers into a large, cavernous room. – ***The Catacombs of the Lost Girls*** *– illuminated by a series of weak burning torches, hanging bulbs* [(*of different wattages*) *– some of which flicker, others are burnt out and covered in cobwebs*] *– broken christmas-tree lights, as well as just a whole lot of compu-screens, lighted dials, &c.*

Standing up, Lily Fawn enters the room.

The room is full of eerie mechanical sounds made by strange devices. – [*Strange to poor little Lily Fawn, whom, never before having seen such a strange likeness, stands in awe, amazed.*] *There are long tables with a variety of test tubes, sparking and flaring electrical apparatus' and Bunsen-burners with beakers bubbling over them. Huge tubes and jars full of bizarre cloning experiments floating inside of green-glowing gloop, with wires and long, coiled hoses pulsing ooze attached to them. Ancient punch-hole card and reel-to-reel tape-computer parts and other antiquated equipment cover the walls*: *massive green mother-boards full of silver and gold circuits, multi-coloured wire, anatomical drawings and pin-up girl posters, electrical schematics, algebraic, and chemical configurations, &c.*

On another long table – [*illuminated by unseen bottom lighting*] *– is the body of a woman – Casxandra – laying prone, and covered by a transparent golden veil ... tubes are connected to her body and wires connected to her head. Lily approaches the table and looks down on the woman beneath the veil ... for some strange reason, Lily can only smile. She reaches out, pulls her hand back, giggling, before reaching out again and touching the woman.*

Enter Casxandra.

The woman suddenly sits upright, the golden veil still covering her and, on seeing Lily, screams, throwing off the veil, tearing at her hair. Surprised, Lily jumps back screaming, as well. She backs towards the curtain, turns to flee, but, on seeing an axe by a basin filled with blood – [*blood-dripping spotlight rises on the basin of blood, the axe, and …*] *a tangled pile of body parts* ( ) *by the entrance, she freezes in horror unable to move. – So frightened is she ... she is unaware of anything else.*

The spotlight continues to rise. – Stage lights slowly raise, also bloody-dripping. Note - The house lights remain dark.

Casxandra, stands down off from the table, the golden veil falling away from her naked body – [*made from different parts of bodies sewn together and being, in part, made of wires, &c.*] *– and trails behind her like a cape as the tubes and wires connecting her to the machines pull out as Casxandra comes up behind Lily, silently. Her fatal beauty is exceptional ... red-footed, like fire, her flesh glows golden. And, her hair is blue-black and silver-streaked* (*as smoke*). – [*Her modesty so preserved.*]

After some moments Lily began to perceive that the floor, too, is covered in clotted blood, on which lays the dismembered bodies of several dead women, ranged against the blood splattered walls and in a corner around the statuesque figure (*of the Palladium*), *shrouded in shadows and covered in cobwebs, the basin before it and the axe leaning awkwardly against it. – Limbs to the right, near the portal through the torn curtain which Lily had at first entered* "*the Catacombs of the Lost Girls*" *… their heads stacked up on the left.*

Serpents issue from the piles of limbs and stacks of heads to slither across the floor and dance through the blood into the darkness.

[*Lily thought she'd die of fright.*] *She backs up, again, this time away from the door – repulsed by the dancers – and right into Casxandra, silently coming up behind her. Casxandra reaches out, brushing past Lily's cheek, and Lily spin around to face her, screaming in terror. Casxandra is pointing at the axe …*

CASXANDRA, *her voice very strained – the words not coming easily – but ending in coarse laughter*:

I will not tell of that axe which shall sever my neck as the others ...

Lily swoons to the floor before Casxandra in unconsciousness.

CASXANDRA, *to Lily whom is awakening from her swoon*:

O you sweet fool of fantasy!
Your love gives you such sorrow,
and shall be false yet tomorrow.

Just then, the scrape of stone-on-stone resounds. – [*Coming from behind the catacomb walls.*] *Lily crawls across the floor –* [*avoiding the blood*] *– to hide behind the Palladium. – An eidolon of Athena.* [*Note – This is the sculpture missing from outside;* (*see supra*).]

Wide-eyed, Lily watches as a portion of the stone wall begins to open ... Hank enters, drunkenly, half-carrying and half-dragging a blood-dripping gunny sack.

Enter Hank Pine. – And Joanelida.

Horrified, Lily witnesses Hank dump the body of a girl – [*Joanelida*] *– out of the sack onto the cavern's floor. He looms over the body of his new victim – Joanelida – towering dominant over her, her fatal beauty arousing his lust and he removes his mask –* [*Hank's face remains hidden in shadow*] *– her to give him* '*one ~~last~~ kiss*' ...

JOANELIDA, *to Hank Pine, weakly expiring:*

So is planted a curse, my Destroyer, for you have destroyed me.

THE EIDOLON OF ATHENA, *quietly, to Lily*:

I will impose on him ...

LILY FAWN:

O no! Don't …

… then, turning away from the body of Joanelida, Hank moves towards the Palladium (*where-at Lily was hidden*). *And, Lily drew back into shadows in abject terror as he stopped directly in front of her; but, Hank, apparently unaware of her presence, merely picks up the axe and returns to the fresh corpse ...*

Athena's cheeks are burning red with anger, her image coming forth from the shadow (*as if a light were shone upon it*), *so that the cavern trembled. –* [*A sound effect.*] *Turning her eyes from the scene of the crime, she swore …*

THE EIDOLON OF ATHENA, *continuing loudly, so that Hank could hear*:

... a curse.

… as Hank begins chopping Joanelida's body up into bits, haphazardly tossing her body pieces around the room, it begins to storm and thunder and lightning (*inside the cavern*). *A severed hand flies close to Lily in her hiding place, a diamond ring on one finger. She reaches out and takes the ring from the finger.*

Meanwhile, Hank notices that Casxandra is not on the table but ... moved.

HANK PINE, *growing menace in his voice*:

My thing – O my toy … my pet!

Why is it, my perfect woman, that you are not at once where you were whence I left … ***you*!**

Hank struts across the purple carpet of clotted blood, approaching her – growing menace in his every footstep – still wielding the terrible blood-dripping axe.

HANK PINE, *his voice becoming lunatic, at last noticing Casxandra*:

Alive! It lives! My creation …

Hank, with his free hand, takes hold of Casxandra, running his hands over her, tangling his fingers into her unbound hair, loose flowing over her shoulders.

HANK PINE, *the growing menace in his voice crescendos into insane laughter*:

… IT LIVES! &c.

CASXANDRA, *face-to-face with Hank, angrily screaming spittle into his face* (*of predicted doom*) *– her voice is the roar of flame*:

So is planted a curse, my Destroyer, for you have destroyed me.

Casxandra is forced into a very submissive and erotic position by Hank, with her legs spread wide open, one foot braced on the ground behind her as she kneels onto the other. – Her breasts are emphasized by the knot of her cape.

With male aggression and phallic sexuality, the conquering warrior drags her off past the statue of the goddess.[58] *– And, Lily, who shivers out of hiding, frantic, terrified …and not knowing what to do.*

Exeunt Hank Pine and Casxandra.

THE EIDOLON OF ATHENA, *a gentle breeze, stirring inside the cave, whispering into Lily's ear*:

Lily Fawn! Lily Fawn … see the fancy jar on that table?

Lily looks around … sees the fancy jar … nods her head …

THE EIDOLON OF ATHENA, *continuing*:

Get it. Get it now ... hurry before it's too late.

Lily is hesitant, but finally fetches the jar.

THE EIDOLON OF ATHENA:

Now, smear the salve on these ladies wounds … and heal them.

[58] Refer to *Ajax attacking Cassandra*, a detail from "*The Fall of Troy*" – pottery attributed to Kleophrades, c. 480 BCE

Lily promptly gets to work reassembling the body parts, piece by bloody piece, of Hank's fresh victim – Joanelida: *when her limbs are all in place, and smeared with the salve, the pieces begin to knit themselves back together and the girl come to life with joy. Then, together, they begin to reassemble the body parts of the other women. One of the women discovers a basket and removes the lid ...*

[*Sound Effect: A baby cries out as the lid is removed from the basket*.]

… inside, she finds a new born child entwined with serpents … stricken with madness at the sight, she begins to scream. The other girls begin raving as well; they all pick up sticks and stones and begin to beat the crying baby mercilessly.

Dumbfounded by the bizarre spectacle, Lily sneaks away, backing up through the curtain, to climb the unseen staircase, and up to the mirror. – All lights dim into darkness. – The background noise slowly dies into silence.

[*First piece for Theremin and saw repeated - backwards.*]

Exeunt Lily Fawn.

House lights slowly rise as a secondary drape – painted to resemble stone – drops. Bottom lighting (*from behind*) *shines up as rising flame as the bodies of the dead women animate to dance with the serpents. – Casting their shadows on the drape.*

The black travelers close as house lights go up.

[*The secondary drape raises unseen by the audience, behind the traveler curtains. As does the backdrop; all props are moved into the wings.*]

ACT ONE: A Fourth and Final Scene: *A Concluding Remark from Citoyen de Sade*.

Citoyen de Sade & Slave-Grrl

Enter Citoyen Donatien Alfonse Francois, Marquis de Sade – as previously described – at first, talking to his Slave-Grrl, then to the audience, and finally, to no one in particular:

CITOYEN DE SADE, *to his Slave-Grrl*:

If all individuals were possessed of eternal life, would it not become impossible for Nature to create any new ones? If Nature denies eternity to beings, it follows that their destruction is one of her laws. Now, once we have observed that destruction is so useful

to her that she absolutely cannot dispense with it, and that she cannot achieve her creations without drawing from the store of destruction which death prepares for her, from this moment onward the idea of annihilation which we attach to death ceases to be real; there is no more veritable annihilation; what we call the end of the living animal is no longer a true finis, but a simple transformation, a transmutation of matter, what every modern philosopher acknowledges as one of Nature's fundamental laws …

SLAVE-GRRL, *interrupting and speaking whilest de Sade speaks* – (*infer*):

Deus sive Natura![59]

CITOYEN DE SADE, *at first to his Slave-Grrl; then, ignoring her and continuing to address the audience*:

According to these irrefutable principles, death is hence no more than a change of form, an imperceptible passage from one existence into another …

SLAVE-GRRL, *as a toast* (*to the audience*):

Mal sur mal n'est pas santé![60]

CITOYEN DE SADE *continuing*:

… can it ever be proposed that destruction is a crime? Will you dare tell me, with the design of preserving your absurd illusions, *that* transmutation is destruction?

SLAVE-GRRL:

Mal dessus mal n'est pas santé!

CITOYEN DE SADE *continuing*:

No! surely not![61]

Exeunt Slave-Grrl, following de Sade.

House lights begin to drop. – Travelers begin to open

CITOYEN DE SADE, *whilest leaving the stage – raising his voice* (*in anger*):

[59] "God or Nature!" – Concerning the nature of reality, the 17th-century Sephardic Jew Spinoza contended *that* the physical and mental worlds were one and the same – neutral monism. And, everything that happens haps through the operation of necessity: And *although*, We are conscious of our own desire – free will – we are ignorant of the causes whereby that desire has been determined.

[60] French proverb; "Ayle (*ill*) vpon ill is not and cannot be health." Cf. "Mal dessus mal n'est pas santé." or, "Mal vu mal dit." – ("*Ill seen, ill said*.")

[61] Marquis de Sade, *Philosophy in the Bedroom*: *Dialogue the Fifth*: Dolmancé. (1795)

No! You'd have to say, **"*The venomous serpent is more necessary than the faithful dog.*"**

CITOYEN DE SADE *continues to scream – at Slave-Grrl – off-stage*:

Who will deny, that it should be given, for all that it may be worth, to gentle ladies much rather than to men?

Crack of the whip … Slave-Grrl screams out …

Within their soft bosoms, betwixt fear and shame, they harbour secret fires of love, and how much of strength concealment adds to those fires, they know who have proved it.

Crack of the whip … Slave-Grrl screams out …

Wherefore, in some measure to compensate the injustice of Fortune, which to those whose strength is least, as we see it to be in the delicate frames of ladies, has been most niggard of support, I, for the succour and diversion of such of them as love (for others may find sufficient solace in the needle and the spindle and the reel),

Crack of the whip … Slave-Grrl screams out …

END ACT ONE

HEAVEN OR HELL

Note – I don't much like this scene the way it is … but it needs to be! This scene needs to be changed completely … yet! Not happy with this scene. 12-12-2008

ACT TWO: SCENE ONE: *Hank Pine – unmasked!*

Lily Fawn
Hank Pine

the ghost of Joanelida

Hank's mask – having a voice

House lights begin to drop. – Travelers begin to open to the voices of Hank Pine and Lily Fawn:

HANK PINE:

Lily! Lily Fawn! How come there are bloody footprints on the floor?

Lily Isabella Fawn! How come my beautiful mirror is cracked? and broken?

LILY FAWN:

I don't know?

I don't know?

As before, the lighting beyond the window and shining through the cracks in the rough board walls begins to darken in a dense-growing fog, shattering the once beautiful illusion – [*the long, dark looking-glass is obviously cracked and broken, the ebony wheel on the floor beside it, freely spinning*] *– now once more a scene of destitution.*

Glimpses of a black shadow moving past the window …

HANK PINE:

You don't know! You don't know!

You were resolved to go into the mirror, were you not? Mighty well, Lily Fawn, you shall go in it ***and*** **take your place among those ladies you saw there.**

Upon this Lily – [~~*resembling Linus the clown in mimicked actions*~~] *– throws herself at Hank's feet and begs his pardon with all the signs of true repentance, voicing that she would never more be disobedient. –* (*She would have melted a rock, so beautiful and sorrowful is she, but Hank had a heart harder than rock.*):

LILY FAWN:

O no! I'll be good! I'll be nice …

HANK PINE:

Why did you not heed my warning? You hour is now struck! You must die *and that presently* ...

LILY FAWN, *looking at him with her eyes all bathed in tears*:

Since I must die ...

HANK PINE:

... for you have been in the forbidden room!

Hank chases Lily around the hovel …ready to kill her. And, poor little Lily, our heroine, having nowhere else to run, sought to escape back into the mirror; but when she tried to jump through it … she bounced right back into Hank Pine's arms.

Off-stage voice of the Blood Countess – laughing.

HANK PINE:

Gotcha …

LILY FAWN, *crying out*:

O no! O no! O please don't you do *this* …

Hank Pine laughs cruelly into Lily's face as she ceases to struggle and goes limp.

LILY FAWN:

O please … please! give me some little time to say my prayers.

HANK PINE, *leers at his prey, his voice rising*:

~~Now huney … am not gunna hurt you~~ ***~~– am jest gunna bash your brains in.~~***

This is a good example of who Hank Pine is not. I don't want to lose the character of Joanelida … but, this is not who Hank Pine is so **the whole scene must change**

Enter the ghostly spectre of Joanelida in the form of a swirling smoke coming from the mirror. The door blows open and other fog from outside rolls in and swirls around Hank Pine, diverting his cruel attention away from Lily with soft- whispering caresses …

THE GHOST OF JOANELIDA, *seductively rising up from the mist*:

Perhaps you should remove your mask, lest her heart's blood splatter and ruin it.

As Hank – hypnotically entranced – removes his mask Lily grabs his guitar and strikes him down. – Hank's body falls where he stood, his mask at her feet … speaking (*to her*):

HANK's MASK, *lying at Lily's feet, lamenting sweetly* – [*audio effect*]:

Look what you've done ...

The ghost of Joanelida dances around Lily …and the mask – motioning for Lily to take it up in her hands.

LILY FAWN, *frantic … unaware of the ghost of Joanelida*:

I'm sorry! O so sorry! – So really, really very sorry! I didn't mean to ...

Lily picks up Hank's mask as tenderly as if it were a newborn babe …

LILY FAWN, *snivelling more calmly now*:

… 't was an accident.

HANK's MASK, *lamenting sweetly, at first, but becoming quite demanding*:

O for God's sake! please help Hank ***and* … give the poor man back his face!**

Lily is hesitant, but finally kneels beside Hank – still unconscious (*on the floor*) *– fitting Hank's mask back in its proper place as the black travelers close shut.*

ACT TWO: SCENE TWO: The Wedding – *The Before Part.*

Lily Fawn
Hank Pine

Coon-Shouter
Sexy Bimbette

Chante-pleure Pfatalé – a dancer (*with lines*)

the Still-Small Voice
the voice of Joanelida

Violet & Daisy – flower-girls

THE STILL-SMALL VOICE, *off-stage voice*:

O it were a pity for this Lady,
sitting discontented with her watery eyes bent on the floor,
in unfrequented woods were her delights,
where when she saw a bank stuck full of flowers,
then she wouldst sit, and sigh, and tell
her forest friends, what a pretty place it was …

Sexy Bimbette crosses the stage with a placard on which is written: **"It's all been a bad dream."** *Once she's crossed the stage, she turns, turning the card over, and struts back across the stage again; the placard reads,* **"*Or was it*?"**

THE VOICE OF JOANELIDA, *interrupting*:

… to bury lovers in, and make their beau-friends
pluck 'em, and strow them over them like a corse,
she carries within her an infectious grief,
that strikes all her beholders, she will sing
the mournfullest things that ever ear hath heard,
and swoun, and sing again, and when the rest
of her furry and feathered friends in their wanton blood,
tell mirthful tales in course that fills the forest
with laughter, she will with so sad a look
bringing forth a story of the silent death
of her forsaken virginity, which her grief
will put in such a phrase, that ere she will end
she'll send them weeping one by one away.

The STILL-SMALL VOICE:

One by one!

Exeunt Sexy Bimbette.

The merry sound of giggling girls rises. The traveler's part, opening …as helium filled black and orange balloons are released through at its first parting (*and these float away, trailing orange and black crepe ribbons behind them*)*.*

Lily Fawn before the long, dark looking-glass. – The ebony wheel lies on the floor beside it, and Lily Fawn (*an ordinary girl sans horns*) *sits on the floor before it, combing her lovely tresses; she is attired in her nasty nun habit, now. And, there is no tell-tale crack in the mirror, nor any swirling imagery or Blood Countess … only she.*

Orange and black balloons cluster over the ceiling, long orange and black crepe ribbons hanging down from them. On the table is a yellow skull [ ] *a fancy three-tiered wedding cake garlanded with blood-dripping roses.*

Two little girls with bows in their hair – Violet and Daisy[62] *– playing with long-stemmed flowers* [*as if magic wands*] *are skipping together and scattering flower petals around the room from a wicker basket they both hold.*

DAISY, *to Lily*:

Anything is possible …

… if everything is right.

VIOLET, *to Lily*:

Anything!

Everything!

VIOLET & DAISY, *now singing together*:

Hank and Lily sitting in a tree – K I S S I N G

First comes love.
Then comes marriage.
Then comes Lily …

The two girls giggle and run up together, dumping flowers and petals all over Lily Fawn.

VIOLET & DAISY, *continuing*:

… pushing a baby carriage.

Daisy
Gaa gaa, goo, goo;

Violet
Goo goo, gaa, gaa;

[62] Violet and Daisy were born on Feb. 5, 1908, in Brighton, East Sussex, England, to Kate Skinner, a young unwed barmaid; at two weeks old they were adopted by Mrs. Mary "Auntie" Williams, their mother's landlady – and midwife. The sisters were pygopagus twins, conjoined at hips and buttocks, and fused at the pelvis, who shared the same blood circulation but no major organs. Auntie and "Sir" exhibited them around Europe and the USA, &c. An autobiography was written in 1941.

gaa gaa, goo goo. goo goo, gaa, gaa.

LILY FAWN, *happily, singing to the two girls covering her in flower petals*:

O he's my man ... wont do me no wrong.

Enter Coon-Shouter - through the door - singing to the audience:

COON-SHOUTER, *singing to the audience, but leering at the girls, even dancing closer to them*:

O Lily was a lady,
a money-making girl,
she made all the money she could rake and scrape,
and she gave it all to her darling Hank:

LILY FAWN, *dreamy-cooing*:

O he's my man ... wont do me no wrong.

DAISY, *whispering to Violet*:

But the ass - he did do her wrong.

VIOLET, *whispering to Daisy*:

O he was her man, but he did her wrong, so wrong.

COON-SHOUTER, *continuing singing to the audience, placing himself between the two flower-girls*:

O Lily was an entrepreneur …
sold sexy gouey-goop over the net …
an' sold more door-to-door …
fresh tea cost one dollar
and fancy tea cost ten cents more;
she made money hand over fist,
but gave it all to her darling, Hank,
and he spent it on high-tone shores.
O he spent it on high-tone shores.

DAISY & VIOLET, *together repulsing Coon-Shouter*:

God damn his soul! He done – done her wrong. – So wrong.

Enter Hank Pine (*as the black travelers begin to close*). *A far off bell sounds* – [*the first of thirteen very slow and deliberate long, deep gongs* ( )].

LILY FAWN, *at once, both overjoyed at seeing him and angry because …*

Oh, Hank! Don't you know its bad luck for the groom to see his bride before the wedding?

Daisy and Violet rush over to him and push him back out the door.

VIOLET & DAISY:

Out. Out. Out.

The black travelers close … as the bell continues counting its soundings.

Enter Chante-pleure Pfatalé – a strip-tease dancer. Coon-Shouter approaches ...

CHANTE–PLEURE PFATALÉ, *to the audience* – (*a warning*):

Those who will weep hereafter …

Singing …

"Mult vaut meuz plurechante,
ke ne fet chaunte et plure."

… all joy ends in woe. – [*As she exits, laughing.*]

Exeunt Chante-pleure Pfatalé.

Coon-Shouter follows Chante-pleure Pfatalé off-stage – briefly returning to address the audience:

COON-SHOUTER:

And it is a pity that woman tends –
Alas! When she is under love's spell –
to trust a man before she knows him well.[63]

[63] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women, Babylonian Thisbe, Martyr*, 799 - 801

Exeunt Coon-Shouter.

ACT TWO: SCENE TWO: The Wedding – *The After Part.*

Lily Fawn
Hank Pine

Bettina Mae Suicide & two Devil-Girls – Drama & Flair

Coon-Shouter

a jug-band

the Still-Small Voice
the black poodle

Wedding Guests:
Lily's friends - the Fluff Girls
also
Buck the Reindeer & Daisy the Southern Belle
Daisy & Violet – flower-girls
Chicklette the feather-fan-dancer
as well as
the green fayre – a cheery dancer pouring libations to all
except
Hank's mostly imaginary so-called friends:
dragons and snakes, toads swollen with poison, basilisks and lindorms – sluggish dancers

Homuncubus

~~THE STILL-SMALL~~ VOICE, *off-stage voice*:

Seduced by luxuriant promises, Lily Fawn agreed to marry Hank Pine and the two were promptly wed. Though the wedding party is a pleasure, mirthful dancing and feasting, all passing the night in rallying and joking with each other, none of the girls will dance with Hank …

Some girls frolic onstage, gleefully gossiping amongst themselves and teasing Hank Pine – off-stage.

THE FLUFF GIRLS, *teasing Hank* (*off-stage*):

He's so ugly …
Yes, that's why he wears a mask …
He has to …
Yes, you're so ugly …
… eek! Flee. – [*It is supposed that Hank has made as if to pursue them.*]

They dance across the stage.

Exeunt the three girls.

~~THE STILL-SMALL~~ VOICE, *continuing*:

… and all run away from him. In short, everything succeeded so well, the marriage was concluded ***without a hitch.***

As the bell sounds the last of its thirteen soundings – the jug is blown – the black travelers begin to re-open again (*accompanied by the jug-band*) *…*

THE ALL-GIRL XXX-JUG BAND: [*An ensemble featuring a galvanized-washtub one-string bass, a washboard scraper, someone playing spoons and another slap-happy caller* (*who also plays a comb and tissue paper kazoo*) *– and, of course, the XXX-jug-blower*]:

The CALLER: [*All are dancing.*]:

Hold back thy hours old night till we have done,
the day will come too soon,
young Maids will curse thee if you steal away,
and leave their losses open to the day.
Stay, stay, and hide the blushes of the Bride.
Stay gentle night and with thy darkenesse cover
the kisses of her lover.
Stay and confound her tears and her loud cryings,
her weake denials vows and often dyings,
stay and hide all, but help not if she call.

The trailers open on Lily Fawn admiring and showing off the ring on her finger to the other women surrounding her. Hank Pine is admiring these '*Fluff Girls.*'

The guests are feasting and making merry: *singing, dancing, and carousing with much festive joviality. They beat drums* [*and take turns singing obscene songs and indulge in all manner of licentiousness*: *gluttony, drinking, and the cultivation of lascivious and speculative thoughts about carnal acts.*]

Violet and Daisy, the flower-girls, present Lily, whom is standing alone, sadly watching Hank Pine misbehaving.

Coon-Shouter dances up to the Fluff Girls as Violet and Daisy attempt to drag Hank Pine away … and bring him to Lily (*bashfully standing alone and primping her new baby-doll*):

COON-SHOUTER, *to the audience, turns to the Fluff Girls*:

Yes, anyone who'd seen his face would weep
in pity for Lily – for the oath he'd sworn to keep.[64]

Daisy the Southern Belle and Buck the Reindeer dance over to Lily.

BUCK THE RIENDEER, *gazing in good cheer upon Lily*:

Dear daughter of mine, and treasure of my heart,
since first [ ] at my life's start …

DAISY THE SOUTHERN BELLE, *a Southern drawl is inferred*:

I declare, Lily, it's such a strange mask. I distrust him.

BUCK THE RIENDEER, *continuing as if uninterrupted*:

… so near my heart has no one ever come – [*Smiles at Daisy, serenely.*]
as you, my Lily, daughter dear. – [*Brushes Lily's cheek, gently.*]
Ponder what I, your father, tell you here:
And what greater wisdom bids you, do
for daughter, first of all, I love you so
that all the world's not half so dear to me:
I'd not advise you to your misery
for all the gain beneath the cold bright moon …

Lily Fawn casts her eyes down low and shuddered, like a leaf of aspen green; her colour was deathly pale and ashen-grey was her mien, saying …

LILY FAWN:

… father, all your will
If I can, God knows, I shall fulfill –
provided I am brought to no disgrace.

BUCK THE RIENDEER, *swiftly drawing a razor-keen saw*:

No proviso in this case!

[64] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women, Ariadne,* 796, 797

Hide this! And be quite sure it isn't seen;
And when your husband is in bed with you …

LILY FAWN, *holding the saw, awkwardly*:

Oh! Old tongues and old lungs! – [*The first time.*]

BUCK THE RIENDEER, *continuing*:

… while he is sleeping, saw that awful mask in two:
for in my dreams a warning came to me.[65]

Enter Hank Pine's so-called friends – dragons and snakes, toads swollen with poison, basilisks and lindorms – which surround him:

THOSE GUESTS, *all in the excess of abundant cheer, surrounding Hank Pine by degrees, drinks high*:

Gobble! Gobble! Gobble! One of us! One of Us! One of us!

THOSE GUESTS, *discordantly singing*:

HANK PINE, *singing out*:

"… for he's a jolly good fellow."

Hello!

"O he can spin notes out of catgut and cello."

Mello!

"O his voice can charm the birds from the sky …"

Swello!

Enter Coon-Shouter – emerging unseen from behind the crowd.

COON–SHOUTER, *carrying a horn*:

"O he's a wonderful guy."

The horn is blown. A bass drum crashes – BOOM! BOOM!

Enter Bettina Mae Suicide – in a silky, lipstick-red 1950s-style chiffon dress – swingy and soft billowing, cut close above the knee; and, with her are two beautiful young Devil-Girls – Drama and Flair – all three having rosy-rouged complexions and tiny-budding golden horns. The crowd goes quiet. All stop to look at them as they enter. – Except Coon-Shouter …

COON–SHOUTER, *to the audience – casting lurid glances at Bettina, Drama, and Flair*:

Bettina – Pin-up queen

[65] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women, Hypermnestra,* 2647 - 2658

of all Kissin' Town's sho's, was in that town dwelling;
a fairer beauty she was then is the sunshine
for noble grace and elegance,
and throughout the world went her fame …
and all the world was by her beauty fired.

DRAMA & FLAIR, *singing to all*:

Sing the praises of the Queen of love.
The world for that bright Beauty dies;
sing the triumphs of her conquering eyes.
Hark! Even Nature sighs. This joyful night
she will beget desire and yield delight.

COON–SHOUTER, *continuing*:

Happy the man who looks upon her once!
[ ] She is so much desired
that she to see has every wight liking;
for, as of truth, there is none her like,
of all the women in this world rich;
so young, so vital, eyes a-glint with mirth –
so sumptuous does she appear.[66]

BOOM-badda-boom boom boom badda-boom-badda-boom-badda-boom-boom-boom &c. Bettina struts directly to Hank Pine. – Brushing Lily aside as she passed her by.

COON–SHOUTER, *continuing*:

And in her might nothing be amended.

Bettina holds out a golden apple, seemingly offering it to Lily Fawn who, gestures as if to reach out, happily receiving the '*wedding*' *gift, but … Bettina bites into it – with a sour expression – and then drops it into Lily's hands.*

BETTINA, *to Lily – immediately ignoring her and turning back to the Hank*:

Be a dear and – [*placing the bitten apple into Lily's hand*] – take this ...

Lily stands dumb-founded, the once-bitten apple in hand. Bettina turns back to her with the same sour expression as before …

BETTINA, *to Lily Fawn*:

[66] Chaucer, *Anelida and Arcite*, 71 – 77: Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women, Dido, Queen of Carthage*, 1004 – 1013, 1035 – 1038. (Flair & Drama: John Blow, *Venus and Adonis*, Act Two – *The Graces*: libretto anonymous.)

… go like ***qui mihi discipulus***.[67]

VIOLET & DAISY, *the flower girls* – (*to each other*):

Who invited her?

HANK PINE *turns to the audience to express these thoughts – Bettina sidles up to him*:

Here's a hot sho'! indeed! No, I'll no wife.[68]

LILY FAWN, *pouty, crosses her arms*:

Oh! Old tongues and old lungs! – [*The second time.*]

BETTINA, *to Hank, but addressing Lily*:

She is in love, hang me if I were so ...
to do those things that people in love do.

HANK PINE, *to Bettina*:

You think your heart hard, but if you are caught remember me; you will perceive a fire shot suddenly into you.

BETTINA, *in response*:

That's not so good, let 'em shoot anything but – [*laughing*] – fire I fear not.

HANK PINE, *to fair Lily – all the while casting fruitive glances at Bettina*:

I am obliged to take a trip on affairs of great consequence, Lily and desire you to divert yourself in my absence. Be a good girl and …

LILY FAWN:

[67] Marlowe, "*Doctor Faustus*" I.iv.16. *Wagner to Robin* (*the clown*): *qui mihi discipulus* – one who is like my disciple; or, you who are my servant: i.e., like the servant of a learned man (the Latin is the beginning of a didactic Latin poem, familiar to Renaissance schoolboys, on proper behaviour: *Ad discipulos carmen de moribus* by William Lyly).
[68] Marlowe, *Doctor Faustus,* II.i.152 – *Faustus.*

... a good girl!

HANK PINE, *continuing uninterrupted*:

… tell your friends and acquaintances to "make good cheer."

As Hank Pine turns to leave … Lily Fawn embraces him. Without to much ado, he peels her off, saying:

HANK PINE:[69]

Most noble lady of all my life,
I declare that whilest I shall have life or breath,
after this exploit I'll not go away – travelling –
but faithful in your service ever stay,
nearby your home abiding;
and as a low-born person undistinguished
be true to you until my life's extinguished.
If you will let it fall within your grace …

LILY FAWN *is interrupting:*

To be my slave in such low degree!

HANK PINE *continues*:

… nor any other – shall be aware of me.
I shall conduct myself so carefully.
I'll smirch myself and be so humbly low
that who I am no one alive could know.

LILY FAWN *continues:*

May God forbid it, for all women's shame,
and stop me ever making such a claim!

HANK PINE *continues*:

And I with you to keep you company,
whether I'm lying you would quickly see
if I don't serve you humbly …

LILY FAWN *continues:*

Yet it were better I should be your wife

[69] [The following discourse between Lily Fawn and Hank Pine: Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women, Ariadne,* 2029 - 2105

than that I should allow you, innocent,
to die …

HANK PINE *continues*:

… that shameful death should fall on me –

LILY FAWN *continues:*

To die or be a slave in languishment.

HANK PINE *continues*:

– and death
and want afflict my friends *in that same breath*,
and that my spirit after death may go
and wander nightly walking to-and-fro,
and may I ever bear a traitors name,
for which my ghost shall walk, to do me shame!

LILY FAWN *continues:*

Take from my heart some blood for a surety
if you desire …

HANK PINE *interrupts:*

As I have said, then may I die of shame!
Your mercy, Lily! Nothing else I claim.

BETTINA, *to Hank Pine – leading him away with one finger to his chin*:

It's so easy to laugh, it's so easy to hate. It takes strength to be gentle and kind.

Exeunt Bettina & the two Devil-Girls.

LILY FAWN, *angry, crosses her arms*:

Oh! Old tongues and old lungs! – [*The third time.*]

And, the third time she said it, the black poodle came to life, picked up the once bitten golden apple, and threw it at Hank Pine, whom has followed after Bettina and the two Devil-Girls. (*The black poodle then begins to herd Hank Pine's so-called friends out the door – chaos and cacophony ensue.*)

THE BLACK POODLE, *barking*:

Worm! You forgot your apple.

Hank Pine ducks out quickly enough for the once bitten golden apple to just miss him ... it sails out the door past him … [*apparently hitting Bettina Mae Suicide – sight unseen*].[70]

BETTINA, *off-stage, unseen*:

Ou – *ch*!

HANK PINE, *to the Fluff Girls – stepping back inside*:

This is the last time you shall look on me:
ladies farewell, as soon as I am dead,
come all and watch one night about my hearse.
Bring each a mournful story and a tear,
to offer at it when I go to earth;
with flattering joy clasp my coffin round,
write on my brow my fortune, let my beer
be borne by Virgins that shall sing my course,
the truth of maids, and perjuries of men.

I bid you Fluff Girls "Au revoir!" [*These respond with muffled boos and catty hisses.*]

LAWN FAWN, *to Hank Pine, who turns and is about to leave –* ***without a parting kiss***:

Go and be happy in your 'Ladies love,'
may all this wrong that you have done to me,
be utterly forgotten in my death,
I'll trouble you no more, yet I'll take,
a parting kiss, and will not be denied,
you'll come – *sob* – Mr. …

Exeunt Hank Pine – laughing, waves a kiss.

LAWN FAWN, *continuing – and raising her voice in anger*:

… Hank Pine and see all yer sho's wee-ee-e-ep,
when I'm laid in earth; though you yourself
can know no pity ...

[70] Jean-Baptiste le Comtes de Sade, an impoverished Province bourgeois, concluded a marriage for his reluctant son, Donatien Alphonse François de Sade, with Renée-Pélagie de Montreuil, daughter of a magistrate. The Montreuil's were exceedingly rich, but Donatien was more interested in Renée's sister Anne, with whom he absconded to Italy. Devoted to a life of pleasure and squandering his inheritance, he made a mortal enemy of his respectable and ferocious mother-in-law, le presidente de Montreuil. His father gave up his delinquent son. His mother, a former lady-in-waiting to the Queen, was resigned to a life in a convent, as were his aunts, living and dying in obscure shadows behind convent walls. Note: One of de Sade's ancestors married Laura, the love of the Italian poet Petrarch and the subject of his sonnets.

Lily Fawn hurries about with such excessive haste until she collapses, weeping tears.

LAWN FAWN:

... that I was once your love, (though now refused)
then to have no other true to me.
So – *sob* – with my prayers I leave you, and – *sob* – must try
some yet unpracticed way to grieve and – *woe* – die.

As Lily collapses the stage lighting switches to blood-red bottom-lighting – the stage awash in wispy smoke – and all the guests begin to resemble corpses. – A terrifying spectacle closing in around Lily. And, appearing from off-stage, having mingled in unseen amongst the guests, Homuncubus – [*being accompanied by calliope music*] – *approaches Lily. – Homuncubus is playing with a slide-whistle*:

HOMUNCUBUS:

Why is the room awash with blood and full of corpses?

LILY FAWN:

I don't know.

HOMUNCUBUS, *roaring*:

You don't know!

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris. **Lily Isabella Fawn! Misery loves company.**

The other guests in zombie-like trances have closed in on poor Lily Fawn; suddenly, as Homuncubus roars … the stage lighting switches back. Homuncubus becomes lost in the crowd, all now returned to normal; and, Chicklette the [*exquisitely beautiful*] *feather-fan-dancer*[71] *helps Lily up.* – (*Lily then goes to the window and looks out. – Her reflection is not herself, but Linus the Clown. When Lily does turn and step away from the window, Linus the Clown remains looking in, before fading out to blackness again.*):

CHICKLETTE, *singing – and being accompanied by other guests*:

[71] Minnie "Ha-ha" (Woolsey) the Blind Girl from Mars, dressed in a feathery costume, would sit motionless in chairs for hours and never react to anything. Dressed in a feathery costume, she shimmied on the table at the wedding feast in "*Freaks.*" She was born in Georgia, in 1880, afflicted with a unique form of "bird-headed" dwarfism or nanocephaly. She was blind, mentally handicapped, toothless, and had fine wisps of smoke on her odd-shaped head. She was rescued from a dismal life in a Georgia insane asylum by an enterprising showman, and began her showbiz career dressed in a phony American Indian costume and speaking gibberish. It is uncertain how long she was with the circus or when she died. Elizabeth "Betty" Green, a Jewish girl from Springfield, Massachusetts, suffered from a genetic condition and was mildly mentally deficient. She had a sense of humour. As Molina the Pinheaded Stork-woman, wearing a feathery body-suit, big fake bird-feet and a gigantic plume on her head, she would dance like a bird: she also landed a role in the 1932 "*Freaks.*"

O Fitcher's bird! O Fitcher's bird, where are you from? O Fitcher's bird.
From the feathered Fitcher's house I've come.

[*Other guests slowly begin to hold hands and sing along.*]

The young bride there, what has she done?

[*More guests begin to join in; there is some hugging and swaying together now as more-and-more begin to sing along.*]

She's cleaned and swept the house all through …
and through.
She's in the window looking at you …
and through.

Lily, sauntering to the window, looks out. – The black traveler's begin to close.

LILY FAWN:

SIGH! O has you any pain as tortures me?
SIGH! O for love of thee …

LILY FAWN *turns again to her guests, now leaving one-by-one and two-by-two*:

View here these tears that trickle forth from mine eyes
and let it be propitious for my desire.

My tears congeal [ ] I gave to him my soul.

THE STILL-SMALL VOICE, *emphasized pity*:

So they revelled till day's end was come,
and then the guests took leave and trooped off home:
and night again being come … the bride was bound for bed – alone.

The Grand Drape falls.

THE STILL-SMALL VOICE:

[ ] it happened one fine night
just as the moon was throwing out its light,
this noble virgin bride into her bed went,
and sighed and gave herself to languishment,
sleepless and starting, tossing to and fro

as lovers do. –[72]

In all his days there never could be found
so false a lover walking on the ground.[73]

THE OFF-STAGE VOICE OF HANK PINE, *in torments*:

I tell thee – **I am damned and now in hell!**[74]

ACT TWO: SCENE THREE: *The Wedding is over.*

Lily Fawn

Sexy Bimbette

the ghost of Joanelida

The Grand Drape rises. The black trailers part open. The major source of light comes in through the window. – A star is in a dark blue heaven.

Lily Fawn is on the floor at the window. She is still attired in her nasty nun's habit, and the beginnings of antlers are showing as little nubs. [*Linus the clown looms in the window, looking at Lily and pretending to cry.*]

A trumpet sounds. – Enter Sexy Bimbette, wearing Angel's wings, and appearing with yet another placard – **"The Wedding is over."**

Exeunt Sexy Bimbette (*to taps*).

Dim spotlight on Lily … motionless and quiet sobbing.

THE STILL-SMALL VOICE:

The night wore on and she could not sleep.
most tenderly she then began to weep;
she rose up from her bed with horror quaking *Lily, rising from the floor …*
just like a branch the strong West Wind shaking. *… staggers.*
While all of Kissin' Town was in silence lost, *… stumbles.*

[72] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women, Dido, Queen of Carthage, martyr,* 1162 - 1167
[73] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women, Hypsipyle,* 1168, 9
[74] Marlowe, *Doctor Faustus,* II.i.143 – *Mephistopheles.*

now she grew as cold as frost; *... falls.*
for in her heart pity was labouring so *... attempts to rise again.*
and dreadful thoughts of death causing her such woe[75]
and misery and despair. *... sits fixedly staring at her hands.*

LILY FAWN *sorrowed sighing*:

Alas! A virgin by Nature disinclined
both by my wedding gown and state of mind,
and by my hands, not meant to wear a ring …
... removes the ring from her finger.
I cannot, I will not be the masked man's wife.
What the devil have I with this ring to do?

Enter the ghost of Joanelida – coming to reclaim her ring.

THE GHOST OF JOANELIDA *emerging from shadows, her voice becomes a soft whisper taking the ring*:

It is a means of doing evil, dear nun.

A deed of gift of body and of soul … flesh, blood, breath.

LILY FAWN *to the spectre, now hovering around her*:

He gives me candy every morning, candy most every night,
aint nobody's candy can do the job right.

THE GHOST OF JOANELIDA, *strongly at first, her voice softening as she speaks*:

That dragon! That devourer of love's flame!

For longing through his lustful appetite
to have fine women is his whole delight:
This single joy the masked man knows. It pleases him well.

And since from Fortune harm is virgin's due …
you fell in love and doted on the man.[76]

LILY FAWN *to the spectre, grim dread in her voice*:

[75] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, *Hypermnestra*, 2678 - 2683
[76] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women*, *Medea*, 1581 – 88; 1609, 10

He has the power to make me live or die.[77]

THE GHOST OF JOANELIDA, *as she speaks, she turns away from Lily and addresses the audience*:

But he is double in love and nothing pleyn,
and subtle in that craft over any wyght,
and with his cunning won this lady bright …

Lily walks unsteadily to the window.

… she him trusted over any creature.[78]

Lily sits moony-eyed looking at the stars with tears running down her cheeks. Seemingly, Lily does not notice Linus the Clown, still in the window making faces at her.

LILY FAWN, *softly singing, tenderly weeping*:

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
how I wonder what you are
up above the world so high
shining like a diamond
in the sky … SIGH!

Lily holds up the ring to the star.

Linus the Clown paws at the window.

O bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art -
not in lone splendour hung aloft the night.

THE GHOST OF JOANELIDA, *as she speaks, she turns away from the audience to comfort poor Lily*:

Alas, the while! for it is routhe and synne
that she upon his sorrows should rue.

But nothing thinketh the false as doth the true.[79]

But in Love's wars it always happens so
that man's laughter often means woman's woe.

O luckless woman full of innocence …[80]

The ghost of Joanelida embraces Lily and is embraced … as Lily steadfastly cries, giving the ring over to Joanelida.

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[77] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women, Dido, Queen of Carthage, martyr*, 1181 – *to her sister Anne.*
[78] Chaucer, *Anelida and Arcite*, 86 - 90
[79] Chaucer, *Anelida and Arcite*, 103 - 5
[80] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women, Dido, Queen of Carthage, martyr*, 1250 - 54

The Grand Drape falls. [*Both, the sheer fore-curtain of flames and the all-black fore-curtain are lowered* (*unseen*). *– The black trailers are closed behind these.*]

ACT TWO: SCENE FOUR: *The Hi-de-ho Jive* – (*A Song and Dance Act*).

Hank Pine – off-stage voice

Coon-Shouter

three devils {*infer*}

Grand Drape is raised.

THE OFF-STAGE VOICE OF HANK PINE, *in torments*:

Hell hath no limits nor is circumscribed
and where hell is there must we ever be.

All places shall be hell that is not heaven.[81]

. .

Enter Coon-Shouter – singing and tap dancing – and three devils {*infer*} *wearing crowns and rich apparel – the chorus, entering together from the other side of the stage*:

COON–SHOUTER:

Lily Fawn was a fine looking woman -

had a no-good man named Hank Pine,

who hid his face behind a mask -
(and) Lord, she was wild in love with him.

Back in odd-six – [*echoing*: *six-six* ...]

CHORUS:

an evil deer nun -

a travelling musician

– wild in love …
– when times were hard,

[*Together …in turns*]

all he had then was an old gunny sack, an electric guitar,
rat-drawn pointy shoes, an old Stetson hat,
a beat up van – and payments on that.

[81] Marlowe, *Doctor Faustus*, II.i.127 – 132 – *Mephistopheles.*

COON–SHOUTER:

So she laid down a handful of money
to buy him a fancy brand new bag,
and Lily Fawn, walking arm-in-arm with him
forget all about her life in the forest;
he brought her home to live with him
in Kissin' Town ...

CHORUS:

… on the wrong side of the tracks.

[*All together*]

O Lily loved Hank, Lord, everybody knowed ...

COON–SHOUTER:

CHORUS:

(Now) Lily took good care of her Hank.
She gave him a brand new bag
for he was her man ... but he did her wrong.

– a brand new bag
So wrong.

The three devils each take a turn singing to the others – Coon-Shouter joining the chorus:

DEVIL 1:

CHORUS:

Lily and Hank - O (they) got married,
and they were happy as everyone knows,
till Lily gave Hank all of her money
to buy him that fancy new bag people been a-talking about.
He urns her man but he did her wrong …

– everybody knowed …
– everybody knowed …

… so wrong.

DEVIL 2:

CHORUS:

Now Hank - (he) chased the other women,
took to chasing Bettina May Suicide.
and while Lily - (she) sat at home and waited,
hot-thinking her Hank'd rather die than lie -

Capital City Cheesecake!

They vowed to love one another ...

Baby 'neath the stars above ...

… and she thought him square.

He was her man ... and he wouldn't do her wrong.

DEVIL 3:

CHORUS:

Lily & Hank were sweet-hearts,

and O, what a couple in love; – in love …
Lily was true to her Hank …

… just as true as the stars above.

He was her man but he done her wrong.

COON–SHOUTER:

Lily and Hank were lovers, true as the blue blue sky.
Hank was a long legged guitar picker with a wicked wandering eye.

He was her man ... nearly all of the time.

DEVIL 1:

CHORUS:

Lily was a good woman, everybody know'd,
she had a drunken husband … – a tavellin' musician,
… name was Hank Pine.
And Hank Pine - (he) was her man, but he wouldn't stay at home.

DEVIL 2:

And every dollar that Lily made
went right into (her) Hank's hand ... CHORUS:

He was her man.
He wouldn't do her (**no**) wrong ...

DEVIL 3: CHORUS:

O Lily - she was a good woman, - everybody know'd!
but after she gave Hank all of her money;
he spent it (**all**) on that parlour-house sho' ...

Bettina Mae Suicide!

O he threw it at that sho':
he was her man ... he did her wrong, so wrong.

[*All together*]

Everyone up in Kissin' Town thought he was a millionaire –
thought he was a good ol' boy, everybody he did love –
he had the money, so he had the friends –
those lousy ass-men an' they sho's - all swore by Hank Pine …

COON–SHOUTER, *shouting out*: CHORUS:

– ***Drinks all around***.

O they all loved Hank Pine ...

God damn his soul.

… by the everlasting stars above.

… but he done her wrong.

Maledicat Dominus.

Yes! GOD DAMNS HIS SOUL.

Exeunt the chorus of three devils, laughing.

COON–SHOUTER:

O Lily Fawn and Hank Pine went to a-walking,
and Hank - (well) he got a brand new bag ...

Lily laid down a handful of money
just to make her masked man look cute ...
he was her man and he wouldn't do her (*no*) wrong.

Exeunt Coon-Shouter.

ACT TWO: SCENE FIVE: The Backyard – *The Finishing-Fight.*

Lily Fawn
Hank Pine

Coon-Shouter

CHORUS – ASS-men & Fluff Girls
seven fabulous monsters – animal-dancers

a flying dragon – a stunt-prop on wires

Athena

Linus the Clown

Both, the sheer fore-curtain of flames and the all-black fore-curtain raise, and the black trailers part open – the backdrop is the backyard setting, incorporating a faded rainbow. Athena, as a statue, is in place upon her pedestal, as in the first act, supra.

(*Enter*) *Lily Fawn and Hank Pine, standing together – Lily embraces Hank, who is motionless, arms hanging at his side. –* [*It is inferred that Lily has been hanging laundry, which is to say her sugar-sack dress, the bed's sheets, &c.*]

Enter the Chorus from behind sheets, the statue of Athena, whatever, and begins singing: [*Fluff Girls on Lily's side and on Hank's side, the ASS-men.*]:

CHORUS: THE FLUFF GIRLS, *to Hank – finger-shaking &c.*:

Hank Pine – you're a gash hound
sporting on a darty sho's bed – ***a darty sho's bed*!**

You're Lily's man and you're doing her wrong.

CHORUS: THE ASS-MEN, *to Hank – finger-shaking &c.*:

Go ahead and spend Lily's money
on those Capital City Cheesecakes -
your Lily's man, sho'll understand ... sho'll understand … sho'll understand … sho'll understand …

CHORUS: THE FLUFF GIRLS, *to Hank – hands on hips now and dirty looks &c.*:

You lousy ASS-men … think yourselves mighty wise!

CHORUS: THE ASS-MEN, *barking like dogs and then roaring like lions*:

Ten flying birds in the wood are better than one in the hand.
Better the burning love of our Devil-Girls than the cold shadow of a wife.
The things we only hope to get are better than the things we already have.

The ASS-men's roaring thunders as it begins to pour rain. – A sound effect. The chorus dances for cover and …

Enter the two angels.

THE GOOD ANGEL, *to Hank*:

Hank Pine, repent: yet she will pity thee!

HANK PINE, *to the audience – an amplified voice-over representing his innermost thoughts ~~and feelings~~*:

Who buzzes in myne ear? I Am? – a spirit?
Be I a devil, yet Lily will pity me –

Yea, Lily will pity me if I repent.

THE BAD ANGEL, *to the good angel*:

Ay, but Hank Pine shall never repent.

Exeunt the two angels.

HANK PINE, *continuing*:

My heart is hardened, I cannot repent …

… the rain stops, as quickly as it began, quiet background music rises.

[To the tune – "*Just Because.*"]

HANK PINE:

… long ere I should have thus done 'the Deed.'
Had not sweet pleasure conquered deep despair![82]

Enter Coon-Shouter – dancing cockily onto the set from the wings.

COON-SHOUTER, *to the audience*:

But fie, what a smell is here![83]

Enter a blue cow. – [*Its first need is to be noticed and accepted by others.*] *The blue cow approaches Hank and Lily, still standing together* (*as scene last*).

(*Enter*) *Lily Fawn and Hank Pine –* (*already so-standing from trailers part*):

LILY FAWN:

O my, Hank Pine, don't you look real cute!

[82] Marlowe, *Doctor Faustus*, II.ii.12 - 23
[83] Marlowe, *Doctor Faustus*, II.ii.125

HANK PINE:

I got to leave you
but I won't be gone very long.
Don't (you) wait up for me honey ...
nor worry while I'm gone.

I'm your man ... won't do you (no) wrong.

COON-SHOUTER, *singing to the audience*:

Lily and Hank were sweet-hearts,
(till) they had a quarrel one day;
Lily accused her Hank
of giving her money away -
to a gal - and he was doing her wrong.

LILY FAWN, *her ending by giving Hank an unrequited hug*:

You run around and spend my money ...
on those other girls.
You don't need them, when you got me …

The blue cow notices an orange pig coming onstage and dances to it.

Enter an orange pig. – [*There is a loud squeal. – Some intermittent oinking follows irregularly thereafter.*] *The orange pig will not dance with the blue cow but, instead, will* '*gluttonously*' *strip flowery ribbons &c. from the Fluff Girls and similar articles from the ASS-men, and these cast down and trample on.*

HANK PINE, *freeing himself from Lily – peeling her off him and pushing her away, holding her at a distance by her wrists*:

Just because you think you're so pretty
and just because you think you're so hot,
just because you think you've got something
that nobody else has got ...

LILY FAWN:

You told me that you loved me.

HANK PINE:

(Now) I'm telling you honey, I'm through with you.
When you lose your money, learn to lose.

Well, I'm telling you honey, I'm through with you
because …

Enter a yellow frog - preceded by the sound of a lone frog croaking. – It scavenges and hoards the detritus taken from the chorus which the orange pig tramples, even taking from it those articles which it is in the process of removing from the chorus … and also taking from the chorus itself. The yellow frog is malicious (*and threatening*) *in nature.*

HANK PINE:

… just because.

COON-SHOUTER, *tapping and singing*:

Lily and Hank were sweet-hearts,
'til they had a quarrel one day,
and Lily threw him out into the rain and cold,
and told him not to come back again.

HANK PINE:

I'm done with you witch, *- pushing Lily away.*
and I'm going away – and away I'm going to stay.
- Lily falls down.

Enter a red bear with an angry roar. – Its wish is to do harm to others … but it can't, for a green dog pursues it with much barking. – Both begin to chase off the chorus.

Exeunt chorus – one-by-one and in pairs.

COON-SHOUTER:

He (was) her man but he did her wrong, so wrong.

O Lily and Hank were sweet-hearts; they had a quarrel one day,
Hank vowed he'd leave her; he said he was going away …

HANK PINE, *towering over Lily*:

Never coming home: Going away to roam.

LILY FAWN, *begging and pleading, she grabs him by his legs - bargaining*:

My onliest love, O Hank, please stay.
Now, O, my honey, I've done you wrong, but please don't go … away.

HANK PINE, *tearing himself away from Lily and* '*lording*' *over her*:

Well, well, well,
just because you think you're so pretty,
and just because you think you're hot;
well, just because you think you've got something
that no other girl has got ...

Enter a light-blue goat, slothful and sluggish, and keeping to itself in a back corner.

The green dog, sometimes chasing its tail, and the red bear dance closer and closer to Hank and Lily (*as they argue*) *and circle around them.*

LILY FAWN, *desperation turning into anger*:

You've caused me to spend all my money,
you laughed when those Devil-Girls called me your ol' Santy Clause.
Well, I'm telling you,
baby, I'm through with you,
because, well well well, just because.

HANK PINE:

Well, well, well,
There'll come a time when you'll be blue ...

LILY FAWN, *anger becoming rage*:

Well, there'll come a time when ol' Santy -
she won't pay your bills for you …

HANK PINE, *interrupting, menacingly*:

You want me to give up all my women
just because because I married you;
and now, now your saying we're through.
Well, I'm telling you
baby, I was through with you
a long long time ago.

LILY FAWN, *digging in her pocket and holding money out for him – a few coins and as many paper bills*:

Listen now Hank,
to prove my love is true,
every dollar I can save, dear,
I'm going to give to you.
So I think now, dear,
that ought to keep you here.

HANK PINE, *tempted to take the money from Lily's shaking fingers, but at last wont*:

Listen now, Lily,
don't want to tell you now lie,
I've lost my heart to another sho' -
her name is Bettina Mae Suicide, Queen of Devil-Girls.

Lily throws the money at Hank. The orange pig and yellow frog begin to fight over the money despite being threatened by the red bear and the green dog.

Enter a tattered bat-winged-horse with a lion's mane and a peacock's tail – the primary colour is violet – and this frightens the other animal-dancers into the wings. – [*All sound effects cease – noticeable silence permeates the set,* (*as in suspended animation*).] *The monstrosity dances vainly alone – being essentially narcissistic in nature.*

Exeunt the fabulous animal-dancers.

LILY FAWN, *groaning*:

I love my baby, my baby don't love me;
I love my baby, oooh, my baby don't love me.
&c.

HANK PINE *moaning to the audience – steps away from Lily, towards the audience* (*seeking sympathy*):

I got an evil deer nun, do anything for me,
but these hootchie-kootchie strip-tease pole-dancing Devil-Girls,
man, they just will not let me be.

But I really love those hootchie-kootchie strip-tease pole-dancing Devil-Girls …
just can't stand to leave them be.

LILY FAWN, *crawling on her hands and knees after Hank*:

Aint but one thing that makes me think and dream;
I swear – I is worried about how you treat me, baby,
O babe, my life doesn't feel the same.
You breaks my heart, when you calls me Missie So-an-so's name.

The bat-winged monster chases Coon-Shouter off-stage as well, leaving Hank and Lily alone … each in a spotlight – these growing brighter as the stage lights begin to dim.

COON-SHOUTER:

She's an evil deer nun, she studies hoodoo juju all the time.
She's an evil deer nun, she studies mojo voodoo all the time.

Exeunt Coon-Shouter and the winged-beast.

Enter a three-horned dragon – suspended from the ceiling, swooping down, and circling the audience. – Finally, landing …

HANK PINE:

You (had just as) well's to kill me, as to have it on your mind.

LILY FAWN, *getting furious*:

Someday, someday, I will … I will …

I will shake my finger at you so bad.
Someday, one day, I'll shake my finger at you ... *you* … *ough*!

HANK PINE, *laughing at her*:

Well, just because you think you're so pretty
and just because your momma thinks you're the hottest thing in town;
well, just because you think you've got something
that nobody else has got ...

LILY FAWN, *furious*:

You've caused me to spend all of my money.
Honey, you laughed and called me your ol' Santy Claus.

Then both Hank and Lily cried out together:

HANK & LILY, *together*:

Well, I'm telling you I'm through with you
because, well well, just because.

Then, after tense moments of silence, Hank says,

HANK PINE, *turning and walking away a few steps towards the dragon –spotlight dimming smaller*:

I can't give you any more of my lovin', 'cause I just aint satisfied.

Sitting down again, Lily broke out crying. – Her face buried in her hands.

LILY FAWN:

Is that true?

Then Hank sighed while Lily cried, and said …

HANK PINE, *stopping, sighs:*

O, I'm going away, I'm a-going to stay, and never coming home.

LILY FAWN:

Is that what you will do?
Have you not truly sworn to marry me?
What sort of woman would you make of me?

You will not thus so foully leave your wife!
What shall I do? Alas that I was born!

Lily Fawn feeble rises to her feet, dizzy and staggering after Hank, conjuring him and swearing to be his slave …

HANK PINE, *looking back over his shoulder … walks off, laughing cruelly*:

Going to miss me, honey, in the days to come,
when the winter winds begin to blow, the ground is all covered up ...

LILY FAWN, *falling at his feet, just as he walks off – her bright golden hair is dishevelled*:

I am your slave! your servant of the lowest degree! jus' ple-e-ease …

HANK PINE, *continuing*:

… and when you think of the way
you're going to wish me back, your luvinest man ...

LILY FAWN, *slumping in a heap*:

… have mercy! Let me go with you.[84]

HANK PINE, *mounting the dragon*:

… you're going to miss me, honey, in the day they say's to come.

LILY FAWN, *still in a heap, face buried in her hands, weeping*:

Go then, Hank Pine. – If you want!
It's all the same to me … why don't you just go to hell

[84] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women, Dido, Queen of Carthage*, 1302 - 30

THE DRAGON, *to Hank Pine – as it takes to flight, rising from the stage* (*to circle the audience*):

… in hell is all manner of delight.

HANK PINE, *to the dragon*:

O might I see hell and return again safe, how happy I were!

Away to hell, away! ***On piper!***

A flourish of trumpets as the dragon ascends with Hank Pine – both are laughing.

Exeunt Hank Pine and the dragon.

And, when Lily looked up to shake her finger at him – she was all alone – except for the statue of Athena, standing motionless watching her (*without empathy*).

LILY FAWN, *to the statue*:

O where, O where did my Hank go?

He's my man but he's doing me wrong, so wrong.

The black trailers begin to close. – Lily's spotlight fades into darkness before it closes.

LILY FAWN, *weeping woefully*:

Have mercy, O Lordy, what have I done?
I done give enough lovin' to my man ...
I gave my love to Hank,
he took my love and run.

It was my man what done me wrong.

. .

Enter Linus the Clown amidst much echoing laughter, somersaulting and cart-wheeling across the stage, accompanied by calliope music – [*to the tune*:

"*Won't You Come Home, Bill Bailey.*"]

LINUS THE CLOWN:

Im Anfang war die Tat[85] – *tat-a-tat-at …* – *Pretends to fire a machine-gun.*

… situ et tempura – *coelum igneum et crystallinum.*

Exeunt Linus the Clown.

ACT TWO: SCENE SIX: *The Corner.*

Lily Fawn

Sexy Bimbette
Coon-Shouter

Athena

Joanelida – a deadly friend

Boss Charlie

Hank Pine & his floozy – Bettina Mae Suicide

Diana – a swan-dancer with lines

hoi polloi

Enter Sexy Bimbette – opposite the clown's exit – with a placard: **"One Summer Day."**

Exeunt Sexy Bimbette

The black trailers part. Lily is on-stage as in last scene – sitting on the ground. The statue of Athena, though, is animate, and by her side consoling her.

Enter Lily Fawn and Athena. – [*Already on-stage.*]

The backdrop for this scene is on rollers. [*Three scenes are painted on this backdrop; the first is the backyard … leading to a Golden River setting* (*on the other side of the*

[85] "In the beginning was the Deed.": Marlowe, *Doctor Faustus*, II.ii.44 & 62.

tracks and leading through to Kissin' Town); *and, the end of the roll brings us into Boss Charlie's Hock Shop – on* **"*The Corner.*"**]

Enter Coon-Shouter – appearing as the clown exits.

COON-SHOUTER, *ignoring the clown in passing and addressing the audience with song and dance*:

When Lily and Hank got married,
O Lord, how they did love.
What'd they do?
Swore to be true,
O true as the stars above.

Now Hank's gone
and he won't come home ...

Mary-Jane Bo-Peep's lamb's crook stretches out from the wings, captures, and draws Coon-Shouter back off-stage.

Exeunt Coon-Shouter.

LILY FAWN, *to Athena*:

I believe to my soul, my honey
is lost out in the dark.
He's my man, but he won't come home.

– A trumpet sounds a sennet of notes.

ATHENA:

Lily, get your kimono on! And,
go on down to Kissin' Town to see where your masked man is at.

Is he gone, is he gone?

– A trumpet sounds a sennet of notes.

Lily gets up and dusts herself off – taking her saw from Athena. Her tiny budding horn-nubs are more apparently antlers now … but not a fully established rack as yet. Then, as Lily Fawn goes to town, Athena fades back, pointing the direction out to Lily. – Her voice echoes … hauntingly following Lily.

The backdrop roller rolls accordingly: Lily Fawn walking on down (to) the Golden River, in the boiling heat of a red-hot second sun; she looks from bank to bank, speaking …

LILY FAWN:

Do all you can for a travellin' musician,
but yet you will get no thanks,
for a travellin' musician won't treat you right.

LILY FAWN:

– A trumpet sounds a sennet of notes.

I feel mistreated this mornin'
an' I could kill most any man.

The backdrop roller rolls up ***"the corner"*** *– in Kissin' Town – and Boss Charlie's Hock Shop. –* [*Props are wheeled in by sexy girls in hardhats, wearing tool-belts, &c.*]

Enter Coon-Shouter – followed by the first of the hoi polloi, Mary-Jane Bo-Peep et all her sheeple, whom attempt to escort the white-faced fly off-stage. He is evasive …

COON-SHOUTER, *attempting to sing to the audience but interrupted*:

Lily went down to the corner,
stopped in to fetch her a souttle of cold beer …

MARY-JANE, *to the little black lamb, which tries to get the souttle of beer – it dances away*:

And none for the little boy who cries down the lane.

Enter Joanelida – fully-resurrected (*and made of different body parts*) *and wearing the ring – apart from Mary-Jane Bo-Peep et all sheeple – and approaching Lily …with a souttle of cold beer.*

LILY FAWN, *to Joanelida – ending in song*:

Have you seen my masked man?
Has my lovinest Hank Pine been here?

He's my man and he wouldn't do me (no) wrong!

JOANELIDA, *giving the souttle of cold beer to Lily*:

Your masked man's a gash hound
sportin' on a darty sho's bed -
he's your man but he's doing you wrong.

COON-SHOUTER, *evading the sheeple by hiding behind Lily – takes the souttle, and drinks*:

Is this blood in her doe-eye?

LILY FAWN, *to Joanelida, in song – shakes the saw*:

If I find that cheating man in the mask, o' myne ...
he sure is going to die – tonight!

He sure is going to die.

He my man, but … he's doing {*me*} wrong.

The stage lights begin to ever-so-slowly dim as dusk falls over the set. Others of the hoi polloi wander on-and-off the set. – A normal street scene. Lily goes up to the counter, to examine a violin case there-on; she opens it and removes an exaggerated Thompson submachine gun (*as she speaks*).

The background theme, quite quietly goes up in sync …

[*Featured music*: **"Nearer, My God, to Thee."**]

COON-SHOUTER, *loosing himself in the hoi polloi, souttle in hand – to the audience*:

Lily went down to the hock shop.
She didn't go there for fun …

Enter Boss Charlie.

BOSS CHARLIE:

Good morning, kind lady, what will you has?

LAWN FAWN, *removing the Thompson … her being too small for it*:

I want to git this great big li'l ol' Gatlin' gun … *– Lily aims it at Boss Charlie …*

BOSS CHARLIE, *to Lily – calmly reaches out a finger and moves the barrel away from him*:

It's against <u>my law</u>
to rent or sell any woman (a) Gatlin' gun,
no matter how big or small!
fo' all you gots'll be daid an' gone. – *daid an' gone.*

… and shots fly everywhere.

– ratta-tat-a-tat-tat –

Exeunt hoi polloi, scattered, fleeing.

LAWN FAWN:

… for all I gots done gone. [*Coon-shouter also singing … tossing the empty souttle off-stage.*]:

COON-SHOUTER, *running away, whilest continuing – to the audience*:

After the shooting was over,
Lily felt so big and stout ...

Lily Fawn drops the wild-shooting Gat-gun and, pulling up her ruffled knickers …

BOSS CHARLIE, *producing a smaller, yet still big gun – a Colt 44*:

Perhaps this …

LAWN FAWN, *haughtily laughing at Boss Charlie – takes the revolver and turns to the audience*:

O where, O where is that masked man o' mine? He's doin' me wrong, so wrong.

COON-SHOUTER:

So Lily 'gan a-looking for her man … an' she didn't do it for fun.

And she's going to find her man … because he done her wrong.

LAWN FAWN:

As sure as I'm standing here,
I'll have that floozy sho' dancer's life ...

COON-SHOUTER:

O she's going to find her man because …

LAWN FAWN:

He's doin' me wrong, O so wrong.

The sexy stage-hands remove the hock-shop props as Lily drags the gun out. – The hoi polloi begin to mingle on-stage, all keeping their distance from Lily … watching and pointing and gossiping. Boss Charlie joins the hoi polloi.

COON-SHOUTER:

Lily went back on down to the corner,
and this time she didn't go there for fun,
'cause she was packin' that cold Colt-steel fo'ty-fo' smokeless gun ...

CHORUS – *hoi polloi*:

A cold Colt-steel fo'ty-fo' *smokeless gun* ...

Hank was Lily's man but he done her wrong.

... *so wrong.*

O one night when Lily was lonely,
she went (on) down to the nickel crawl …

… to get her man that wouldn't stay at home.

She was a desperate woman …

… to kill her man, 'cause he'd done her wrong.

… gettin' two-timed by her onliest man.

... *so wrong.*

LAWN FAWN:

O, he's my man, but he won't come home.

Enter Hank Pine and Bettina Mae Suicide, emerging arm-in-arm and all-lovey-dovey from out of the hoi polloi. They don't see her, so engrossed are they with each other …but Lily sees them. – And she shot them down … with looks to kill.

LAWN FAWN, *calling out, loudly, and pointing the saw out at them*:

Yo' my man ...

Enter a swan-dancer, as Hank and his floozy escape into a crowd. – Diana, the swan, is crowned with a diadem of stars.

Exeunt Hank and his floozy.

DIANA, A SWAN, *singing lewdly*:

O, the rich girl's pants are made of lace,
the poor girl's of chambray;
Lily wears no pants at all,
she claims they're in the way.

O bang on, Lily … bang on, bang on, bang on …

Diana, laughing, joins the crowd …

LAWN FAWN:

Stand back, all youse lousy ASS-men and you darty sho's;
I'm searchin' for my man.

O, he's my man, but he won't come home.

Lily pushes her way through the crowd – this parting before her (*as she is still waving the big gun*). *– The black trailers begin to close. – Stage lights dimming.*

LAWN FAWN, *pushing past the rude swan*:

I'm going down to the barroom,
to pay the debt I owe.

Don't be here when I come back.

Exeunt Lily Fawn [*as Grand Drape falls*].

DIANA, A SWAN:

Go, Lily Fawn! Go!

S'blood! Not so much for injury done to you, as to delight.[86]

Grand Drape falls.

ACT TWO: SCENE SEVEN: MASSACRE at 'The BUCKET of BLOOD CLUB' – Part the First.

Lily Fawn

Sexy Bimbette

outside the nickel crawl

barrel-organ grinder & dancing monkey
two popes – one selling fruit & the other flowers

- a puppet show -

Pulchinello
Faire Joan & baby
Capt. Carrot & Sgt. Headbanger
a crocodile

Auntie Lou & Sir
Horror & Moral Terror – two girls dressed as kewpie-dolls and playing saxophones

inside the nickel crawl

the menagerie – a drunken chorus
the Green Fayre & others like her - dancers
Malice – the lobster-girl

[86] Marlowe, *Doctor Faustus*, IV.ii.112 – 3

Bubba French the bar-keep – a bear

Caroline Mark – Theremin-player & singer

Grand Drape rises.

Enter Sexy Bimbette (*already on stage*); *and, as is her custom, she has a placard, it reads* – **"Kissin' Town."** *She turns it over and the other side reads* – **"Dusk."**

Exeunt Sexy Bimbette – [*through trailers*].

Barrel organ carosel music begins playing as the black trailers open.

A painted backdrop has been lowered – ***Kissin' Town*** *... which leads to* (*or ends at*) **"the Bucket of Blood Club."**: *The backdrop is gaily decorated on the one side of the stage,* [*something to the effect of Bosch's "Garden of Earthly Delights"*]: *and, on the other side, strings of lights, lanterns, pennants, and many balloons illicit the illusion of carnival.*

Amongst the hoi polloi, already on-stage, is a barrel organ player with a monkey. – And, this dances. The hoi polloi gathered around applauding. – [*It is to this applause that the black trailers part and open.*] *The Pope is selling fruit, another sells flowers.* (*Betwixt the two sides of the stage – Kissin' Town and the Bucket of Blood Club – is a puppet stage.*)

POPE 1:

What may we do that we may hide our shame?[87]

POPE 2:

We'll rather die with grief than live in shame.[88]

The Bucket of Blood Club set remains in shadow – house lights down – rowdy revellers cavort, singing ...their song ending in coarse laughter.

CHORUS: THE MENAGERIE, *all drunk & laughing*:

Vin ou bière, bière ou vin,
que mon verre soit plein! Sans vergogne,
coup sur coup, un ivrogne boit tout![89]

[87] Marlowe, *Doctor Faustus*, IV.iv.16
[88] Marlowe, *Doctor Faustus*, IV.iv.25

Enter Lily Fawn, her horns now prominent antlers, bursting on-stage from the midst of the hoi polloi.

THE TWO POPES, *each to other – ends in a fruit and flower fight*:

Cursed be your soul to hellish misery.[90]
&c. Cursed be your soul to hellish misery.

No! cursed be your soul …

No! cursed be your s…

The Puppet-dancer show.

Enter Faire Joan and baby, pursued by Pulchinello, a psychopathic hunchback wearing a motley harlequin-patchwork (*of green and blue diamonds*) *and having a long, red hooked nose. Pulchinello has a squawking voice and gleeful laughs at his struggling wife and crying baby.*

PULCHINELLO, *hitting Faire Joan with a cudgel*:

That's not the way to do it.

[*Hoi Polloi guffawing.*]

That's the way to do it.

[*Hoi Polloi laughing.*]

Enter Capt. Carrot of the constabulary; he is tall – 6' 6" – and abounding with muscles. [*He wears a brown shirt and knee breaches over red tights; chainmail, an ornamental iron breast-plate, and a copper helmet with plumes; one sandal and one boot, and carries a bell – this ringing.*]

CAPT. CARROT *of the constabulary*:

I, Copper Carrot, do solemnly swear by the book to uphold the Laws and Ordinances of Kissin' Town, serve the public trust, and defend the subjects of 'the heart' and 'the tongue' without fear, favour, or thought of personal safety or gain; to pursue evil-doers and protect the innocent, laying down my life if necessary in the cause of said duty, so help me the devil.

---

[89] Gounod, *Faust*, #3 *Grand Chorus* (*basses*): "Wine or bee, beer or wine, may my glass be full! without shame, cup upon cup a drunk drinks everything."
[90] Marlowe, *Doctor Faustus*, III.ii.54

The two popes run off fighting.[91]

POPE 1 & POPE 2:

Joy to Chaos! let Division reign:

POPE 2:

Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them [the muses] hence,

POPE 1:

Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense:

POPE 2:

One Trill shall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,

POPE 1:

Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage;

POPE 2:

To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,

POPE 1:

And all thy yawning daughters cry …

POPE 1 & POPE 2:

… encore … encore … encore … encore … encore … encore

Exeunt the two popes … fighting.

> *Enter Sgt. Headbanger – bodacious, blonde, beautiful, but, a vegetarian … and a were-wolf. And, whence she enters, all the men line up to be arrested. She kicks out at one … and like dominoes, they fall one-by-one*:
>
> SGT. HEADBANGER, *kicking out*:
>
> 'Fabricati Diem, Punc*ti*' *Agvnt Celeriter*.[92]

[91] Pope, *Dunciad B* (IV 55–60)
[92] "*Make the day, the moments pass quickly away.*" – ["*Make my day, punk!*"] Cf. **"*Carpe Diem.*"**

PULCHINELLO, *hitting Faire Joan with the cudgel*:

He got kicked in the Particulars.

[*Hoi Polloi laughs.*]

FAIRE JOAN, *to the hoi polloi – a mob which cares not that she is being beaten*:

O boys and girls. My husband is so mean to me-e-ee …
O the disgrace – ow ow ow …

HOI POLLOI, *laughing as Pulchinello beat his wife to death*:

That's not the Law …

CAPT. CARROT *of the constabulary, to the crowd*:

If it's not in our hands whose hands is it in?

[*Hoi Polloi laughs.*]

PULCHINELLO *hits Faire Joan with the cudgel, again, and she falls down dead*:

Huzzah. Huzzah. I've killed the devil.

HOI POLLOI, *louder laughing – making ghostly eerie-whistling noises*:

… that's the Law.

PULCHINELLO, *picking up the crying baby, and turning to leer at Lily*:

Scary! isn't it? I'm the devil *now* ooh hoo ha ha ha

CAPT. CARROT & SGT. HEADBANGER, *moving the crowd away*:

A'right, a'right; that's just about enough, that's what it is.

Move along, now … nothing to be seen or done here.

Stage lights there-out fades as the crowd disperses.

Lily Fawn is left standing alone in the spotlight, watching Pulchinello (*beating his wife*) *as Capt. Carrot and Sgt. Headbanger continue to clear the stage – continually ignoring Pulchinello, whom now drop kicks the baby off-stage.*

PULCHINELLO, *drop-kicking the baby*:

That's the way to do it.

A crocodile dances past Lily, going into the Bucket of Blood Club, and the stage lights begin to there-in to slowly rise up. – As does cold laughter.

Lily, in her confusion, turns to follow, but … outside "*the Bucket of Blood Club*" *she sees an old man – Sir – and an old gypsy woman – Auntie Lou*: [*the same person as the woman in the mirror*]. *And, Sir is beating on two small, beautiful girls with bows in their hair – Horror & Moral Terror – both with saxophones in their hands. Auntie Lou laughs as Sir beats the girls, ordering them to play.*

SIR:

Play! Play! you little brats; play, I say.

AUNTIE LOU, *laughing as Sir beats the two girls*:

Yes! you little brats … play, and play gaily.

AUNTIE LOU, *to Sir, still beating the two girls*:

There's money to be made …

SIR, *to Auntie Lou*:

… if only they would play. Play, I say.

AUNTIE LOU, *screaming at the two girls*:

Play time is fun time for all good little girls – so be nice girls and play.

SIR:

And, girls, play nicely, too.

The girls begin to play – "*Nearer, My God, to Thee*" – *sadly singing and dancing. And, as the hoi polloi gathers, singing along, some toss coins at the girls' feet, which Auntie Lou and Sir gather.*

NOTE: The two girls singing is slowly drowned out by the revelries of the menagerie … *infer:*

SIR, *turning to Lily*:

Scary! isn't it? I'm the devil now ooh hoo ha ha ha[93]

LILY FAWN, *to Sir – her voice trembles, weakly responding*:

I'm looking for my man – whose been doing me wrong.

Shrinking back, Lily turns to flee – [*spotlight dims*] – *into* "***the Bucket of Blood Club*.**"

CHORUS: THE MENAGERIE, *all drunk and carousing with much laughter*:

Come fill up the glass,
round, round let it pass,
'till our Reason be lost in our Wine:
leave Conscience's Rules
to Women and fools,
this only can make us Divine.

Then a man, a man I'll be,
no Laws shall restrain
our Libertine Reign,
we'll riot, drink on, and be free.

BUBBA FRENCH, *holding mug high*:

Are we not men?

Lily went into '*the nickel crawl*' *– to raise a whole lot-a hell – and crossed the bar-room floor; and, inside* '*the Bucket of Blood Club*' *the striking beautiful virtuoso, Caroline*

[93] Col. Kurtz (Marlon Brando), on primal instincts: "Horror and Moral Terror are your friends. If not – they are to be feared." ["*Apocalypse Now*."]

Mark, was on-stage, performing with a Theremin instrument. – All the furniture is bright orange.

[Second piece for Theremin (and vox): "*Near, My God, to Thee.*"]

NOTE: *Supra* – Caroline Mark's voice slowly emerges out of the menagerie … *singing the finally verse begun by the two girls – Violet & Daisy*

LILY FAWN *tries to sound menacing but only manages to feebly squeak out – as she waves the too-big, too-heavy gun o'erhead*:

Get out of my way youse lousy ASS-men and all o' yo' darty sho's,
or I'll blow y'all plumb to hall.

I'm looking for my man – whose been doing me wrong.

Gawd burn his mask in hell – he's doing me wrong, so wrong.

Lily is surrounded by a menagerie of freaky animal-dancers. – None are afraid of her. Most ignore her completely. Some of the animals are walking about or dancing on their hind legs like humans. – There are apes, monkeys, bears, chamois, ostriches, &c... And, the food & liquor was such that everyone ate and drank with great pleasure until they were full. – All are besmeared with mud and dirt, and have horns on their heads.

The Green Fayre and others like her actively filling every cup with cheer.

Lily Fawn first encounters a lobster-girl talking with the fat bar-keep, Bubba French. – A bear, and proprietor of the Bucket of Blood Club …a popular gin-and-juke nickel crawl.

THE LOBSTER-GIRL, *to Bubba French, then turning to Lily and flirting with her locks*:

You have baked me too brown … I must sugar my hair.

THE LOBSTER-GIRL'S HARANGUE, *to Lily, still flirting with her golden locks*:[94]

I love nature more than art.
black hair pleases me much more than blonde,
and since I hate the cold
I do not like anything that resembles snow …

[94] But, because of the willingness to spend lavishly on whatever was fashionable, many dyed and powdered wigs of pure '*fantasie*' fetched exorbitant prices, too, which seems laughable. Denis Diderot, Jean le Rond d'Alemont, "*Encyclopedia, ou, Dictionaire raison ne des sciences, des artes et des métiers*," 17 vols. (Paris, 1751-72) – 3:317 – 19 & 12:401 – 15, articles "*Cheveux*" *et* "*Perruques*."

… and I can see you are naturally blond.

Genuinely blond hair, because of its scarcity,
is most sought after and expensive, too,
for the making of wigs.

– Casually flirts with Lily's tresses.

Hmn! I could sell your hair *for …*

– To Bubba French.

… *O* only her hair-dresser knows for sure.

To have her shining golden armour powdered and pampered …

– Caress becoming grip … and tug.

… so as to dazzle and blind her victims with her righteous glowing tresses.

– And, with a gentle slap of cheek, she turns away from Lily [*to adore Caroline Mark*].

The scene lights dim as Caroline Mark, under her own stage lights, speaks …

CAROLINE MARK, *to the menagerie* – [*but looking directly at Lily*]:

There are two women in your life,
the exciting new mistress,
and the boring old wife.

… the menagerie responds with cat-calls, hoots and whistles, and much applause.

CAROLINE MARK:

Love must love on: it cannot be restrained.[95]

ACT TWO: SCENE SEVEN: MASSACRE at 'The BUCKET of BLOOD CLUB' – Y^e Second Part.

Lily Fawn

Caroline Mark

Bubba French
Malice – the lobster-girl

[95] Chaucer, *Legend of Good Women, Dido, Queen of Carthage, martyr*, 1187

the menagerie – a bunch of dirty animals
green fayries

Hank Pine & Bettina

Princess Swan-Shadow (*as Helen of Ilium*) *– a strip-tease dancer*
a little stop-motion demon
the three devils

And, a special appearance by Scary Bunny & Honey Bunny
with
three of their chillum: *little Beau-Blue Bunny & Pinky Bunny, & Baby Bunny, too – innocent passers-by*

CAROLINE MARK, *singing*:

You're not a whore,
if no one's paying,
so strap on those high heels, ladies,
if you're enthusiastic nothing's a chore.[96]

LILY FAWN, *to Bubba French, bear barkeep*:

A souttle of beer! – *ple-ease …*

BUBBA FRENCH *cleaning a shot glass with his apron – inspects it, spits in it, and cleans it more-so*:

We doesn't serve no souttles of beer to no gun-totin' roe – no ho's in here.

LILY FAWN, *at first she is sweet and charming – then out comes the big gun*:

Then I'll has a glass of gin ...

… Mr. Mutha-fuka! you know who I am?

BUBBA FRENCH:

No! and I don't give no good gawd damn.

LILY FAWN, *waving her gun under his nose – menacingly*:

Well bartender, it's plain to see,

[96] Caroline Mark, 2006 Canadian Hootenanny, Montreal.

I'm that bad evil deer nun, called Lily Fawn –

Miss – (*detto con en fasi*) – Lily Isabella Fawn.

BUBBA FRENCH:

Yeah, I've heard your name down the way
and I kick sassy bitch asses like youse every day. -

Miss Lily Isabella Fawn.

- ratta-tat-a-tat tit tat -

[*Well those were the last words that the barkeep said …'cause little Lily Fawn put four new holes in his floor.*]

LILY FAWN, *still waving the gun under the fat bear's nose*:

Tell the truth, Mr. Bartender, "Has my cheatinest man been in?"

He's my man, I b'lieve he's doing me wrong.
He's my man, and he won't stay at home.

My man certainly got to treat me right.

BUBBA FRENCH, *to Lily*:

Well, dear girl, I don't want you to cause (no) trouble.
Now I ain't gunna tell you no stories, good gal,
and, huh, I ain't gunna tell you no lias,
and I couldn't hardly b'lieve my eyes,
but I seen yo' lover-boy passes by ...

… he was tanked to the muzzle with beer.

I seen your lover-boy going out o' here not too long ago
with a woman - a hussy you just gotsta despise ...
I seen your lover-boy, been here and gone
with that high yallar hootchie-kootchie dancin' gal – Bettina May Suicide.

God damn his soul, he's cheating with that Capitol City Cheesecake,
and if'n he yo' man, why I believe he doin' you wrong.
And he ought to be stayin' at home.

LILY FAWN:

Lawdy, what have I done?
I done give enough love to my man ...
He done took my love an' run.

He was my man ... but he's doing me wrong, so wrong.

THE LOBSTER-GIRL, *rudely interrupting – and motioning Lily Fawn to a dark corner*:

Well, looky here, young gal -
We've got your lovinest man
and he's giving us hall (back here);
he's your man - and he's doing you wrong.

Lily looks over to the dark, crowded, corner and sees …

[*Drum roll. – And, spotlight on Hank and Bettina.*]

... much to her surprise and to her alarm, her onliest masked man, Hank Pine, with Bettina Mae Suicide hanging off of his arm. – [*Hank, wearing an ass' ears, sits smoking a hop-cigar*[97] *and Bettina, dressed as an art-deco flapper, wearing a frilly strapless dress, accessorized by round ear-rings and a flowery lei – her legs spread apart in an un-lady-like fashion, sits on his lap sipping a creamy "smoothie" drink through a straw. –* (*She wears one baby blue garter*[98] *… he's toying with the other in his hand.*)]

[*Sound Effect – Loud slurping.*]

LILY FAWN, *much surprised, and alarmed*:

Hank Pine! my onliest man –
here you be –
tra-la-lollip-a-boppin'
with this … this … devil-sho'.

LILY FAWN, *continuing, her voice squeaky – (but) now raising the gun at Hank*:

Youse is doing me wrong, Hank Pine … *doin' me wrong.*

[97] Or, *a hookah pipe? – maybe? eh! – No! Yes! Hmn … maybe.*
[98] *If shooting film* …: The garter scenes – garter appears on alternate thighs, (left-and-right.), &c.

Stand back all youse lousy ASS-men and you darty shores,
get out of my way,
or I'll blow you all plumb into hall (with him).

You gots my man …

- ratta-tat-a-tat tit tat -

… an' he doin' me wrong.

Hank Pine, Bettina in hand, flees … [*out the back door*].

LILY FAWN, *calling after the two cowardly run-aways*:

Baby don't you run!
If'n you don't come to the one you love,
I'll shoot you with this har fo'ty-fo Colt-steel gat'-gun.

Hank Pine! You (are) my man even tho' you doin' me wrong.

Enter Scary Bunny, Huney Bunny, Beau-Blue and Pinkie-Sue Bunny and Baby Bunny, as Hank and Bettina slither out the back door, putting the Bunny family in Lily's line of fire; and, so they plumb got clean away out the back door. - The others got in the way, and ...

Exeunt Hank and Bettina.

[*In a moment chaos ensues …*]

SCARY BUNNY, *on seeing Lily – and the gun - falls to his knees lamenting woefully*:

Please don't take my life,
I've got three little chillum …

- ratta-tat-a-tat tit tat -

… and one poor, pitifully pregnant wife.

[*…all lights begin to flash and strobe irregularly and noisy cacophony, as panic ensues.*]

Exeunt all in a panic ... but not all at once.
~~R.I.P.~~… but not all at once.

LILY FAWN:

What do I care?

- ratta-tat-a-tat tit tat -

Don't care nothin' 'bout no chillum …

- ratta-tat-a-tat tit tat -

… an' nothin' 'bout no wife.

Thunder and lightning (*from outside … as Scary Bunny crawls over his dead family and out the back door to die.*)

SCARY BUNNY, *crawling out the door, dying*:

O shit!

~~*R.I.P.*~~ *Bunny family … boo hoo who!*

Enter Princess Swan-Shadow (*as Helen of Ilium, but in flames*). *– Her hair is flaming and her lips flame red. She is clothed in flames like leaves. And, is preceded by a little three-headed stop-motion demon which commences to inspect all the carnage caused by Lily Fawn in her rampage …and fires the set ablaze –* [*a special effect*] *– with flames shed by the princess. – And, whilest the bunny family and those other dirty animals which fell prey to the wild shooting spree, writhe on the floor, crying out in their death agony … Princess Swan-Shadow charms Lily dumb.*

THE STOP-MOTION DEMON, *on seeing the dead bodies of the Bunny family – clambering stop-motion*:

… (a) bad girl, O cruel Lily Fawn. O cruel Lily Fawn, evil deer nun.

Each time the stop-motion demon lingers, another similar stop-motion clone lounges …

Princess Swan-Shadow – [(*was*) *known to make more money than any sho' in town!*] *– struts around Lily Fawn, the gun still smoking in our heroine's shaking hand, hitchin' up her skirt* (*the way the bitch always started to flirt*)*; and, flirting with our heroine, says,*

PRINCESS SWAN-SHADOW, *saucy-like – stepping over the Bunny families' bodies*:

So! You must be that evil deer nun, called Lily Fawn!

LILY FAWN:

Stand aside, you chippie.
I'm going for my man ...

… he's a travellin' musician, won't treat me right.

And, you're in 'tween me and that mistreatin' masked man o' mine,
and I'm bound to take his life.

PRINCESS SWAN-SHADOW, *walking straightway up to Lily and kissing her – even more-so saucy-like*:

Alas! I am undone! What shall I do?[99]

THE STOP-MOTION DEMON, *clambering over the dead bunnies*:

Dead! Dead! Dead! Dead! Dead!

Each dead bunny rises – zombies in flames – and, shedding their bunny costumes, dance around Lily &c. (*clothed in flames*).

LILY FAWN:

O gawd, they can't be dead!

PRINCESS SWAN-SHADOW:

Well, just count the holes in those mutha's … they is dead.

LILY FAWN *sighs*:[100]

[99] Marlowe, *Doctor Faustus,* IV.v.41 – *the horse courser*. Faustus, reflecting to Maphistophales that his years are nearly elapsed, decides to return to Wittenburg. A Horse-courser arrives, trying to buy Faustus' horse; Faustus agrees to the offer, and warns the man not to take the horse into water; the man asks Faustus if he would do the horse's urinalysis *if the horse became ill*, and Faustus tells the man to go. Faustus reflects on his quickly disappearing time, and falls asleep. The Horse-courser returns, wet, because he rode his horse into water and it turned into straw; Mephostophilis tells the man not to bother Faustus, but the man tugs at Faustus' leg, which comes off; Faustus screams, as if in pain, and Mephostophilis threatens to take the man to the constable. *The boy promises he'll pay forty dollars more, if they let him go, and Mephostophilis tells him to go away; after the man is gone, Faustus seems to be fine; he has his leg again, and seems to have been playing a few tricks to swindle the boy out of money.*

[100] Cf. Marlowe, *Doctor Faustus,* IV.vii.13, 14: "I have heard that great-bellied women Do long for things that are rare and dainty." Also cf., Chaucer, *Duchess*, 36, 37: "And trust me, they are the sweetest grapes that I've ever tasted."

O sour grapes!

PRINCESS SWAN-SHADOW:

Say … sweetie! You look like you ain't copped in quite a time.
Why not come to my pad. It wasn't costs you a dime.

But there's something that I'll have to say before you begin.
You'll have to gone <u>when</u> Hank Pine comes in ...

LILY FAWN, *her vigour restored, she renews aggressive conduct and waves the gun in Robyn's face*:

Hank Pine! Hank Pine!
I'll stay *there* till Hank Pine comes in, till time comes to pass,
and furthermore, to hell with Hank Pine …

Robyn falls to her knees …

… and to hell with his A.S.S.

I HOPE THAT MASKED ASS-man BURNS!

- ratta-tat-a-tat tit tat -

Yeah! I'm Lily Fawn, and you'd better get down on your knees and slobber ...

…slobbering.

…'cause if'n you doesn't, you're sure to burn with him.

Princess Swan-Shadow, on her knees slobbering … so dies.

- ratta-tat-a-tat tit tat -

~~*R.I.P.*~~ *Princess Swan-Shadow …*
… and her stop-motion demon, ~~*R.I.P.*~~ *too.*

Enter the three devils – [*Another trumpeted sennet amidst thunder and lightning.*] – *crowned and in rich apparel. The set is in flames.*[101]

THE THREE DEVILS *enter singing*:

[101] *See*, Marlowe, *Doctor Faustus,* V.ii.1 - 105

Thus from infernal Dis … Lily, we come to thee,
bringing with us lasting damnation.

PRINCESS SWAN-SHADOW, THE ZOMBIE, *rising from the floor and embracing Lily – removes Lily's kimono*:

What's wrong, bitch? Is all our pleasure turned to melancholy?
Yet, Lily Fawn, look up to heaven and remember …

"MERCY IS INFINITE."

LILY FAWN – *in her deer-girl habit – to zombie Swan-Shadow*:

But my Innocence's offence can ne'er be pardoned. The hussy that tempted the masked man may be saved, but not my Virginity! [ ] Though my heart panteth and quivers to remember …

LILY FAWN, *to the three devils*:

The world, yea heaven itself – *heaven … **the Golden River*** – the birds and the bees of the forest, my kingdom of joy on the earth. And I must remain in hell forever! hell, O hell forever!

LILY FAWN, *to the audience – ends in tears*:

Sweet friends, "What shall become of me being in hell forever?"

Ladies and gentlemen, farewell! If I live till morning, I'll visit you.
If not, I am gone to hell. [SOB] I am gone to hell – ***for ever …***

ALL:

Farewell!

THE CHEIF DEVIL, *as Lily leaves*:

Ay, Lily Fawn, now thou hast no hope … therefore, despair! And, think only upon hell.

LILY FAWN *turns to the chief devil – angry laughter, but in tears*:

O … to hell with you.

Exeunt Lily Fawn (*out the back door*).

THE CHEIF DEVIL, *calling out after Lily – then, turning to the audience*:

What, weep'st thou! 'Tis too late, despair, farewell!

"Fools that will laugh on earth, most weep in hell."

Flaming bunny-zombies and stop-motion clones manically dance as a sheer-curtain of flames drops. And, as the flickering stage lighting, accordingly, begins to slowly dim out, another all black curtain falls (*behind it*).

[*Instrumental background music rises* – "*Nearer, my God, to Thee.*"]

ACT TWO: SCENE EIGHT: - ***de Sade's concluding remarks concerning crime.***

Citoyen Donatien Alfonse Francois, Marquis de Sade – sans Slave-Grrl
scantily clad prostitutes in gaudy make-up

Enter Citoyen de Sade – without Slave-Grrl – bearing a flaming brand in one hand.

CITOYEN DE SADE, *screaming out* ( ) *during entrance – hence, addressing the audience, and thence, a retinue of slutty prostitutes vying for his favours*:

If thou art, God … avenge thyself. If not … I curse God <u>and die</u>! –[102]

CITOYEN DE SADE, *turning to the audience*:

You - You have wished to give ***her*** good manners, as if ***a young girl***'s happiness were not inseparable from **debauchery** and **immorality**, as if the happiest of all women had not incontestably to be **she most in filth and libertinage,** ***she who most and best defies every prejudice and who most laughs reputation to scorn.***

[102] The denial *is* of any meaning to life: This was the great temptation that faced Job (Job 2:9): Tormented by insults from his friends, harassed by their insensitive advice and browbeaten into admitting wrongdoing that he never committed; Job groaned, he wailed, doubted and fell into deep depression, he lashed out like an infuriated animal but *he* never cursed God. No matter how discouraged he was, *he* clung to his integrity: He never gave up his conviction *that* he was not to blame for his terrible illness. Thousands of years later, we modern, scientifically-sophisticated people are still often psychosomatically blaming people when they become sick) … *calling out for our mothers.*
At the height of his youthful popularity and enthusiasm, Jacques-Louis David painted "*The Death of Socrates*" (in 1787): Condemned to death or exile by the Athenian government for his teaching methods which aroused skepticism and impiety in his students; Socrates heroically rejected exile and accepted death from hemlock. By contrasting the movements of the energetic but firmly controlled Socrates, and his swooning disciples [ ] transform what might have been *only* a fashionable picture of martyrdom to a clarion call for nobility and self-control ***even in the face of death***. Here the ugly philosopher continues to speak even whilest reaching for ***the cup***, *demonstrating his indifference to death and his unyielding commitment to his ideals.* Most of his disciplines and slaves swirl around him in grief, betraying the weakness of emotionalism. (*His wife is seen only in the distance leaving the prison. Only Plato, at the foot of the bed and Crito grasping his master's leg, seem in control of themselves*.)
Socrates *as* "the wisest and most just of all men" *is* martyred for his intellectual beliefs.

[*With subtle gestures … inciting young girls from the audience to join him on-stage; and they shed their garments doing so …*]

CITOYEN DE SADE, *to these girls*:

Crime is the soul of lust. What would pleasure be if it were not accompanied by crime? It is not the object of debauchery that excites us, rather the idea of evil?

Destroy divinity through sacrilege and blasphemy and raise to pre-eminence an indifferent and unfolding nature … destroy to create and create to destroy. Nature itself is the destroyer; being constantly outraged because it takes on the same sovereign character as God. – Rise above nature and arrogate to thyself the creative and destructive capacities of nature in an extreme form, becoming solitary, alone, "unique" in the conscious awareness *that* God is the creative force and all others are but the material through which his energy is expressed.

Destruction, hence, like creation, is one of Nature's mandates.

And, evil is [ ] a moral entity and not a created one, an eternal and not a perishable entity: it existed before the world; it constituted the monstrous, the execrable being who was also to fashion such a hideous world. It will hence exist after the creatures which people this world.

"If it feels good … do it! It's not a crime … if you don't get caught."

Exeunt de Sade, ***laughing*** *– not to return.*

Enter – opposite – Slave-Grrl … distressed at being alone and, apparently, seeking after her master – Citoyen de Sade. She bears a common goblet in hand – from which she does not drink.

SLAVE–GIRL:

Would that I could I wouldst, O my dear, die for you – and gladly, too!

Slave-Grrl disappears into the curtain of flame – parting at center – as it rises, pausing briefly to address the audience before disappearing …

SLAVE–GIRL:

The lower sort of people have their vices as well as the rich! and they are punish'd for them.[103]

Exeunt Slave-Grrl …

END ACT TWO

[103] Cf. Revenge as a form of Apology: "A death-pact amongst liars and thieves cannot exist."

The Story of Bonnie and Clyde
You've read the story of Jesse James
Of how he lived and died;
    If you're still in need
    Of something to read,
Here's the story of Bonnie and Clyde.
Now Bonnie and Clyde are the Barrow gang,
I'm sure you all have read
    How they rob and steal
    And those who squeal
Are usually found dying or dead.
There's lots of untruths to these write-ups;
They're not so ruthless as that;
    Their nature is raw;
    They hate all the law
The stool pigeons, spotters, and rats.
They call them cold-blooded killers;
They say they are heartless and mean;
    But I say this with pride,
    That I once knew Clyde
When he was honest and upright and clean.
But the laws fooled around,
Kept taking him down
And locking him up in a cell,
    Till he said to me,
    "I'll never be free,
So I'll meet a few of them in hell."
The road was so dimly lighted;
There were no highway signs to guide;
    But they made up their minds
    If all roads were blind,
They wouldn't give up till they died.
The road gets dimmer and dimmer;
Sometimes you can hardly see;
    But it's fight, man to man,
    And do all you can,
For they know they can never be free.
From heart-break some people have suffered;
From weariness some people have died;
    But take it all in all,
    Our troubles are small
Till we get like Bonnie and Clyde.
If a policeman is killed in Dallas,
And they have no clue or guide;
    If they can't find a fiend,

They just wipe their slate clean
And hand it on Bonnie and Clyde.
There's two crimes committed in America
Not accredited to the Barrow mob;
They had no hand
In the kidnap demand,
Nor the Kansas City depot job.
A newsboy once said to his buddy;
"I wish old Clyde would get jumped;
In these awful hard times
We'd make a few dimes
If five or six cops would get bumped."
The police haven't got the report yet,
But Clyde called me up today;
He said, "Don't start any fights
We aren't working nights
We're joining the NRA."
From Irving to West Dallas viaduct
Is known as the Great Divide,
Where the women are kin,
And the men are men,
And they won't "stool" on Bonnie and Clyde.
If they try to act like citizens
And rent them a nice little flat,
About the third night
They're invited to fight
By a sub-gun's rat-tat-tat.
They don't think they're too tough or desperate,
They know that the law always wins;
They've been shot at before,
But they do not ignore
That death is the wages of sin.
Some day they'll go down together;
And they'll bury them side by side;
To few it'll be grief
To the law a relief
But it's death for Bonnie and Clyde.
-- Bonnie Parker

HELL ON EARTH

ACT THREE: SCENE ONE: *Kissin' Town Alley.*

Lily Fawn

Hank Pine & Bettina – one more wasted than the other

Sexy Bimbette
Slave-Grrl

Sound Effect: Bull dog barking.

The sheer-curtain of flames begins to rise up at its center – as it parts in half, trailing into the wings. – The all black curtain follows suit.

Enter Sexy Bimbette – already on-stage and framed by the trailing curtains as they part – with a placard, reading, **"Kissin' Town Alley."**

Exeunt Sexy Bimbette.

Backdrop – a darkened alley – the night is clear, moon yellow; it is gingerly raining. Hank and Bettina, two shadowy figures, stumble drunkenly … some laughter and cursing.

[*Sound effect of a woman retching.*]

HANK PINE, *cursing Bettina – she laughs*:

What do you think of that? O I can't go let you go with that.
You took all o' my money
and spits it back up in my brand new Stetson hat.

***Bettina swears** at that.*

A door opens … the two go in and quiet darkness settles over the set. A spotlight shed by light falling into the alley from a window [*inside Bettina's*] *goes up on Lily Fawn – still holding that cold Colt-steel fo'ty-fo' gat-gun – and the bull dog, together, at the far end of the alley.*

LILY FAWN, *to the bulldog, sounding meekly, as a kitten*:

Sholy! That must be the sneakinest man I love slippin' out in the dark;
if'n it is, I am a-gunna lay him low,
he's my man ...

Background drum music rises … to the tune of "*Bang On, Lulu.*"

["*Bang on, Lulu*"]

HANK PINE & BETTINA, *singing and laughing – him, smoking a hop-cigar and playing a drum, and her … she dances* (*beer in hand*):

Boom-badda-boom-badda-boom-boom-boom
badda-boom-badda-boom-badda-boom-boom-boom
badda-&c.

Chorus:

O bang on Lily …
bangin' on Lily's drum …
bang on Lily …
bangin' on Lily's drum …

BETTINA:

HANK:

… all night long!

… till I'm dead an' gone.

– coarse and cold laughter –

O city girls wear lace panties …

… country girls wear coarse cloth.

But, Lily wears no panties at all!

She claims they're in the way-heh-ha

Both laughing …

LILY FAWN, ***shewing her ruffled knickers to the audience***:

[*It's just not true! See! - I'm wearing undies, too …*]

[CHORUS]: TOGETHER, *cruelly laughing at their tryst*:

O she is a Lily …
every inch a Lily …
a silly-dilly Lily …
&c.

[NOTE: *In fact, Lily wears ruffled knickers! – As we've all seen 'em!*]

Lily crept up that ol' dark alley when she heard the music, and, peeking in the window, she spy-eyed Hank and Bettina, laughing, as they began to sing and dance … and watches as her heart is broken in twain:

… now to the tune of "*Boom bang a bang*" [*by Lulu* (1969)].

Sound Effect – A Thunderous drum roll … *infer –approaching the scaffold*
Lighting Effect – Raining broken hearts …

Meanwhile, outside the window, Lily sobs.

LILY, *sobbing*:

Boo-hoo-hoo … boo-hoo-hoo …

. .

Hank and Bettina fall onto a cot together, passionately entwined, laughing together and … Lily, drawing herself up, bursts in on her cheatinest man-in-the-mask and his floozy. – Gun in hand.

LILY FAWN:

Boo Hoo! Boo Hoo! Boo Hoo! Boo Hoo!

ACT THREE: SCENE TWO: "<u>The DEATH of HANK PINE</u>" – The Beginning

Lily Fawn

Hank Pine & Bettina – one more wasted than the other

the damned – a chorus

LILY FAWN, *bursting in on Hank and Bettina – through the window – getting crazier and crazier*:

Get off my man you floozy,
or I'll blow you plumb to hall with him.

Stand back, you red-headed sho'
'cause I'm gunna to blow you both in one …
youse gotses my man - and (he's) doin' me wrong.

I want my man, he's doin' me wrong. O so wrong.

Stand back out the smoke of my gun.
Stand back, I'm smokin' my gun …

[*Lily focuses on Hank.*]

Let me see … is my lyin' Hank cryin'
or is my lyin' Hank dyin'?

HANK PINE:

I doesn't hear you so well, honey …

LILY FAWN:

If'n you doesn't comes to the woman you love …

gunna haul you out of here …

BETTINA, *squeezing hold of Hank Pine*:

My man …

… ain't doin' (me) no wrong.

LILY FAWN, *to Bettina – then, turning all her attention back to Hank*:

He's my man an' he's doin' me wrong. – So wrong.

LILY FAWN, *to Hank*:

Now has your hour come!

["O these love affairs are hard to bear!"]

When Hank saw Lily meant it, the poor guy started to run …

[NOTE: Lily shoots, &c. – Lily likes to tap-dance … *ratta-tat-a-tat tit tat*]

HANK PINE, *hollering – as Lily shoots*:

- ratta-tat-a-tat tit tat -

Now, honey … sweetie, don't you shoot &c.

- ratta-tat-a-tat tit tat -

O Lawdy, Lily, be nice &c.

- ratta-tat-a-tat tit tat -

I know I'm your man ... but I thought you'd understand …

- ratta-tat-a-tat tit tat -

… ain't duzes (you) no harm if'n sho's be nice.

- ratta-tat-a-tat tit tat -

… out the back door, just as fast as he could scoot. But, he is unable to escape Lily's fury and ends up having to dodge her wild shooting – this following. – All the while, Bettina runs about screaming in panic.

LILY FAWN:

I'm sure as hell going to kill you …

- ratta-tat-a-tat tit tat -

you might as well stop, you ... you –

- ratta-tat-a-tat tit tat -

you no-good dirty god damn double-crossin' low-down *mutha-* **&c.**

- ratta-tat-a-tat tit tat -

I'm going to shoot you dead with this here gun,

- ratta-tat-a-tat tit tat -

because – you was my man, but you've done doin' me wrong.

- ratta-tat-a-tat tit tat -

O Boo Hoo! Boo Hoo! Boo Hoo! Boo Hoo!

- ratta-tat-a-tat tit tat -

HANK PINE, *hollering – as Lily shoots*:

… ain't duzes (you) no harm if'n sho's be nice.

Lily begins singing – aloud – to the tune of "*... Bill Bailey.*"

LILY FAWN, *singing – being highly sarcastic*:

O you're goin' away, and away you're going to stay …
… an' neber comin' home ***to the one you love!***

[*Lily gets all squeaky ...*] "Gunna miss me, huney, in the days to come,
when the winter win's 'gin to blow, ground all covered up ...

[*Lily gets deadly serious – scary, e'en.*] And when I think of the way
I'm not going to wish youse back, you louse – my luvinest man ...
Why … I'm not going to miss youse, huney,
not now and not never in the day they say's to come.

Catching Hank skulking away ... Lily Fawn flies into a tantrum of manic laughter. – [*She shoots through the door – through the ceiling – and the hardwood floor.*]

- ratta-tat-a-tat tit tat -

HANK PINE *cries out in pain and falls* (*at the door*):

O that hurts … it hurts me so!

Enter the damned, singing in chorus: *They crawl out of the woodwork, from under the cot, &c. as if out of nowhere*:

'THE DAMNED':

Poor boy, poor boy,

poor boy, poor boy.
Done gone, done gone,
done gone, done gone.
Rubber-tyre buggies, decorated hacks.
Rubber-tyre buggies, decorated hacks.
Poor boy, poor boy,
poor boy, poor boy.

So, whilest the most of the chorus sing for the poor boy … certain others step out forth to point out his miseries, mockingly.

(ONE Of) 'THE DAMNED' *to each other*:

She shot him once. She shot him twice.

(ONE Of) 'THE DAMNED' *to each other*:

She shot him a third time,
and hit (him in) the middle of his punk ass.

(ONE Of) 'THE DAMNED' *to each other*:

She shot her man because he was doing her wrong, so wrong.

(ONE Of) 'THE DAMNED' *to each other*:

And all the sinners in hell – the punks and they shores –
waiting for his God-damned soul to pass ... need waits no more.

HANK PINE *cries out in pain and rolls on the floor – in agony* (*whilest being mocked by* '*the damned*'):

O Jesus … I'm going to die! – *Jus' look at my life's blood flow.*

(ONE Of) 'THE DAMNED' *to each other*:

O Lawdy,
there be a new man's face in hell.

(ONE Of) 'THE DAMNED' *to each other*:

She killed her man for doing her wrong.

HANK PINE, *appealing to Lily for mercy … pity … a show of grief*:

O Lawdy-a'mighty, sweet-heart, gal –
O Lily, please ... please don't shoot me no mo' –

I was yo' man, Lily, but
"O (but) 'an ass' full of lead hurts (me) so-o-owe-e-ehee-ee-o."

LILY FAWN, *talking calmly*:

No buts 'bout it – A.S.S.-ho' … but tha' yo' won't be a-bangin' on my drum, no mo' no how, no way, ho'zay, not today no' tomorrow!

HANK PINE, *much terrified – as Lily pulls off his mask, Hank hides his face*:

Miss Lily – O Miss Lily Fawn, don't you murder me
for I'm not prepared to die. – I'm far too young *and much too good looking.*

O I was your man even though I duzed you so wrong.

LILY FAWN, *continuing to calmly talk* - :

I jus' wanna look into yo' lyin' eyes – jus' the one time – to see yo' surprise …
I jus' wanna …

HANK PINE:

O good Lawd, Lily, don't you shoot.

LILY FAWN, *calmly*:

… see yo' face one last … DIE!

- "BANG!" -

(ONE Of) 'THE DAMNED' *to each other – followed by a chorus line*:

She shot him down – ***shot him down.***
She nailed the man that threw her down – ***he threw her down.***

LILY FAWN, *all of a sudden bawling out hysterically and falling to her knees embracing Hank*:

Baby what have I done?
I done shot the only man I love
with a cold Colt-steel fo'ty-fo' smokeless gun.

I shot my Hank dead
and now I'm goin' to hell

I done shot my man. He was doin' me wrong.

Boo-hoo-hoo. Boo-hoo-hoo. Boo-hoo-hoo. &c.

'THE DAMNED':

Go-o-oing to-oo-oo hell …

Go-o-oing to-oo-oo hell …

Poor girl, *poor girl*,
Done gone, *done gone …*

Ooo-oo-ooo-oo-o …

Hank Pine begins to lament painful death being cradled and rocked in Lily's arms while she weeps – Bettina, too, whimpers in a heap – (*as the chorus of the damned softly sighs*):

HANK PINE, *lamenting a painful death*:

O my Baay-yu-a-yu-ba-ay-by kiss me – kiss me once more before I go.
O turn me over – gently – Lily, turn me over slow.
I got a bullet in my ass. Great God … is hurtin' me so.

Roll me over easy, Lily, 'cause my wounds they hurt me so sore.

Roll me over, Lily,
for awhile,
then I'll be goin' home.

Turn me over, Lily, turn me over slow;
maybe las' time, I don't know?
All you gots is daid an' gone – Lily – daid an' gone.

I was yo' man, but I done did wrong by you – O Lily, I did yo' wrong. – So wrong.

LILY FAWN, *continuing*:

Boo-hoo-hoo. Boo-hoo-hoo. Boo-hoo-hoo. &c.

And, as ***the black trailers close*** *…*

HANK PINE *continues to lament his painful death*:

Turn me over, Lily,
turn me over slow,
turn me over easy on my lef' han' side,
so my heart won't overflow
an' kill me dead – O Lily - kill me dead … so.

O raise my head up high, Lily,
I want to see that smile of yours - {*cough cough*} -
once more ... O before I die - *before I die.*

I was yo' onliest man, Lily, but I done did you wrong. – Don't ask me why …O why?
I double-crossed my lovinest gal. – I die!

Exeunt Hank Pine – ~~R.I.P.~~

ACT THREE: SCENE TWO: "The DEATH of HANK PINE." – End.

Coon-Shouter

Enter Coon-Shouter – high-steppin' and singing ( ) *through the trailer as it closes shut*:

COON–SHOUTER, *to the audience*:

Now Lily and Hank was sweet-hearts,
O lawdy-gawd but they knew how to love -
bo-o-oy, how that girl could screw -
and they swore to be true to each other,
true as the bright stars above.

He was her man, but he did her wrong, so wrong.

O yea, Lily and Hank were sweet-hearts
Lord how they could love;
they bound to love another,
baby, underneath the stars above – *'neath the stars above.*

But the ass - he did her wrong.
He was her man, but he did her wrong, so wrong.

– *As the* ***black trailers part open***.

He was her man but she shot him down - ***shot him down.***
She nailed the man that threw her down - ***he threw her down.***

O Lily put her finger on the trigger,
and the gun spat, "ROOTA-TOOT-TOOT." - *right into the man what had done her sore.*

O Miss Lily,
see who is it is what your gun is shot.

You kilt your man – you' onliest one.

Exeunt Coon-Shouter.

ACT THREE: SCENE THREE: The "After-DEATH" Tragedy *of HANK PINE* (~~*R.I.P.*~~)

Lily Fawn

Bettina – as a naughty nurse

Sexy Bimbette – (*with lines*)

Hank Pine – a mannequin
Linus the clown

Lily gravely surveying the grizzly riot scene, amassing the damages. Bettina is a crumpled, trembling heap whimpering on the floor. – She drags herself, bawling as she does so, to Lily's side.

BETTINA, *pleading – in a slobbering, sorry state*:

O gawd, yo' done shot him - yo' shoot yo' man -
yo' shoot him down daid in cold blood:
but - Lily - won't you forgive me ... p'ease?
O Lawdy, Lily, p'ease don't (you) shootses po' li'l ol' me – purty p'ease … wi' suga' …
Lily … wi' suga' …

LILY FAWN:

Bettina, Bettina, I'll tell you what I'll do,
If'n you getin' me out'n this trouble, I'll do the same for you.

BETTINA, *crying – kissing Lily's feet … her hands …*:

O thank you, Lily … tha-ankh you! &c.

LILY FAWN *continues - uninterrupted*:

Bettina, go call the cops,
and have them take me away
to throw me in a thousand jails:
O lock me down in a dungeon damp and dark
and throw away the frikin keys in the deep, deep sea:
O bury me down in a cell
where the northeast wind blows cold from the southwest corner of hell,
for I've shot the man - he done me wrong,
and the gang won't go my bail - *they was all Hanks' good friends*.

O my heart's like lead;
'cause my man's dead.
I killed my man ... but he done me wrong an' I never want to live another day.

BETTINA, *pouring on juvenile charm*:

You killed yo' man who done yo' wrong,
but I wont rat you out - please don't pout.
And, put your Colt-steel fo'ty-fo' smokeless gun away.

As Bettina rises from the floor it becomes apparent that she has changed – and now plays the role of nasty nurse to mad doctor Lily:

BETTINA, *continuing*:

Get your saw out and we'll make this pesty little problem go away.

Bettina smiles insanely, holding up a large kitchen knife; and, Lily – [*having exchanged the gun for her saw, this produces from under the folds of her habit, hidden in the ruffles of her knickers*] *– she smiles just as evilly. –* [*Note: The corpse of Hank Pine* ~~*R.I.P.*~~ *should be replaced by a mannequin* (*which Lily and Bettina dismember, cutting it into eight pieces. – Hank's mask constitutes* **"*the EIGHTH*"**).]

BETTINA:

An' it's one more rounder gone.

Thus, together they begin to operate … hacking and sawing!

LILY FAWN, *to herself – and to Bettina*:

BETTINA:

I wonders will my man get well?

Poor boy &c…

I'd give all my soul … cold Hank Pine lives!

Enter Sexy Bimbette, carrying a prop – a clock, of which the hands spin (*erratically*): *Enter* ***Linus the clown****, simultaneously appearing* *in the window – standing motionless and watching*:

[*To the tune of* "*Pop Goes the Weasel.*"]

NOTE: *Perhaps a screen can lower backstage – slides of butchery!!!*

Sexy Bimbette not only witnesses these "*extreme*" *shenanigans, but – uses the clock-prop to – photographs the whole sordid affair!!!* NOTE: *She'll appear in the lounge "during Intermission" selling these photos to the patrons …*

SEXY BIMBETTE, *watching the grizzly operation – to the audience*:

But by the time they'd started to operate,
poor Hank had already passed away.

An', 'spite their best intension - but they was just too late to save poor Hank's life;
and they cut his poor corpse up … into eight pieces!

He was Lily's man, but the cheatinest bastard done her wrong. – So wrong.

LILY FAWN, *proudly exclaiming* (*to Bettina*) *– holding up Hank's mask and laughing*:

O good Lawd, "Don't my man look real cute!"

[*Hank's mask, his cold, dead staring eyes, seeming to say …*]:

(Off-Stage Voice) HANK PINE, *like the embers of a fire – a faded and dying echo*:

O Lawd has mercy - has mercy on me.
I was your man … thought you'd un'erstan' my needs;

an' like a bird in the hand, set me free –
"Doesn't do youse no wrong, Lily."
Bu' you shot me down and now … I die.

SEXY BIMBETTE, *to Lily and Bettina*:

Time to clean up your act, girls … ta-ta and have fun.

Exeunt Sexy Bimbette with the clock.

LILY FAWN *sings to Bettina*:

Hank'll get no long, black coffin,
to hell with all of Hank's lovers –

BETTINA, *answering in song*:

Hank'll get no funeral clothes;
– to hell with all …

Bettina's happy voice trails of dead silent. – She sits looking up at Lily, holding open Hank's new gunny sack. Lily towers over her, ominously quiet and still.

Lily begins to pick up, examine, and drop Hank Pine's dismembered limbs into the bag:

LILY FAWN *continues to sing – voicing angrier*:

He was my man but he done me wrong.

BETTINA, *much meeker*:

– So wrong.

As Grand Drape falls, Lily can be seen dragging the bag of body parts to the door …

LILY FAWN:

– It's off to my forest all o' ol' Hank's pieces go.

BETTINA:

Seems so sad po' li'l ol' Hank Pine dead.

Bettina begins to sing "*Nearer, my God, to Thee*" *– and can be heard long after the Grand Drape has fallen. –* [*Black travelers close sight unseen.*]

• • •

NOTE: It will be essential to have the backdrop and props from the first scene(s) of the first act readily available for the following scene. These props will only be used briefly, during this next scene, and may be stored away thereafter until the play's concluding scenes … *infer.*

ACT THREE: SCENE FOUR: *Back in Lily's forest. – On the Golden River.*

Lily Fawn

Sexy Bimbette

Coon-Shouter

Capt. Carrot & Sgt. Headbanger

Scritch Owl – a dancer
the Still-Living Corpse of Penelope (*& the snake – a dancer*)

"*character dancers which haunt the dark shadows during the scene*"

the three ugly women
&
the wraith women

Enter Sexy Bimbette, with the clock …

SEXY BIMBETTE, *to the audience – as she spins the hands back*:

Terminat hora diem.[104]

Exeunt Sexy Bimbette.

… as the Grand Drape rises and the black travelers part.

The backdrop … the dark forest (*of Act One: Scene One*). *– The hypnotic sound of gently running waters – the unseen Golden River … and the sound of a shovel scraping dirt.*

Frogs croak. Crickets chirp.

[104] Marlowe, *Doctor Faustus*, "*The hour ends the day.*"

Lily Fawn is digging holes in the dark: All is in darkness, but for eerie, misted-beams of pale yellowish-green moonlight wafting through a dripping canopy of shadowy foliage. [*This is not a stationary light, but moving slightly, shimmers – revealing the three ugly women and the wraith women, which haunt the dark shadows, watching.*]

Enter Coon-Shouter – high-steppin' and singing. He is followed by two beaming shafts of light which draw nearer, [*and these soon fall upon Lily, digging in the forest*]:

Enter Scritch Owl, flying, and in mid-air exclaiming with a loud voice:

THE SCRITCH OWL:[105]

Woe! woe! woe!

Scritch Owl settles onto a branch above Lily Fawn, silhouetted by the yellow moon.

Enter Capt. Carrot and Sgt. Headbanger – wielding flashlights and carrying two-way radios which squelch:

COON-SHOUTER, *singing to the two constables – leading the way*:

O Hank Pine started out, he gif his wife his han',
"Goodbye, darlin', I'm goin' to (see) my girlfriends ..."

O Hank was Lily's man … an' he done her wrong, so wrong.

After all the hacking and sawing was over,
Lily felt so big and stout ...
she stuck that cold, dead ASS-man into his ol' gunny sack -
an' did that slow drag out.

O dat woman, Lily Fawn done come.

Lily Fawn is an evil deer nun, an' ev'rybody know'd,
when dey see Lily Fawn comin', to give Lily Fawn de road.

O dat woman done come.

Lily Fawn, blood-bespattered and dirty, is fully illuminated by the coppers' flashlights.

[105] Cf. Golding's translation of Metamorphosis VI.553: "A cursed Owle the messenger of yll succese and lucke."

CAPT. CARROT, *to Lily*:

Lily Fawn, Lily Fawn, where you been so long?

LILY FAWN:

"What does it look like copper? I been out on the battlefiel' shootin' an' havin' fun."

COON-SHOUTER *continues singing – to the Sgt. Headbanger*:

Lily Fawn killed her man an' laid him on the floor,
what's that she kill him wit'? – Boss Charlie's cold Colt-steel fo'ty-fo' ...

Now Hank he got no long black coffin - all he got was a gunny sack:
Lily Fawn done shot her man … sawed him up … and's buryin' him here in her forest:
and it's off to hell Hank goes.

As Sgt. Headbanger brushes past, Coon-Shouter gleefully dances off to join the women haunting the shadows. – [*He continues to pester them, but they repulse his advances.*]

SGT. HEADBANGER, *to Lily – taking the bag from Lily … hands it to Capt. Carrot*:

What's in the bag, Lily?

LILY FAWN, *sarcastic*:

That'd be tellin'!

SGT. HEADBANGER, *to Lily*:

I'm not going to ask you ag'in.

LILY FAWN, *even sassier*:

Well, constable, 't ain't a cat

CAPT. CARROT, *taking the bloody sack and turning it inside out –* [*it's empty*]:

Lily Isabella Fawn, Deerwoman … I'm placing you under arrest for murder and mayhem, and for burning down the Bucket of Blood Club.

LILY FAWN, *laughing at them*:

I sure hope that ASS-man is burning deep (down) in hell – O burning in hell.

I loved my man, though he done me wrongs, but - no body - no crime.
So, minutes and hours will be all my time!

A far-off train whistle blows and trails away lonely …

SGT. HEADBANGER, *getting out her pistol*:

You're coming with me!

The back trailers begin to close as the two constables lead Lily away. – And so, the figure of the still-living corpse of Penelope, caressing the snake, steps out of the dark recess:

THE STILL-LIVING CORPSE OF PENELOPE, *to the snake, which is weeping*:

Now is no time for tears.

COON-SHOUTER, *to the audience* (*as the trailers close*):

Sunday she got rested. Tuesday she was charged.
Wednesday she pleaded for all-life trial – but they wanted her to kill for her crimes!

O Hank was Lily's man – done her wrong … ***so she shot him down.***
"ROOTA-TOOT-TOOT." - *right into the man what had done her sore.*

Exeunt Coon-Shouter.

ACT THREE: SCENE FIVE (A): KISSIN' TOWN GOAL; or, "*Life can be a nightmare*."

Lily Fawn

Hank Pine, the ghost of …

spectres of the slaughtered Bunny family and other victims of the massacre at the Bucket of Blood Club

Linus the Clown

Grand Drape is raised as the black trailers part open.

[*To the tune of* "(*Life could be a dream*) – *Sh-Boom*."][106]

Lily Fawn lies on the floor – dressed in black-and-white striped prison-wear – within a lighting effect: a long, existential-window projection of three-or-four prison bars (*falling across the floor and over Lily and up the backdrop*). *The backdrop is a simple rough-stone dungeon wall – this falling about mid-stage.*

Lily is sobbing.

Enter Hank's faceless spectre and haunts Lily, saying …

HANK PINE'S FACELESS GHOST:

Boo hoo hoo …

Li...il…ly… Li…il…l…y… Fa…aw…w…n… E…vi…l… De…eee…r… Nu…un…

Yo…ou…u… ki…ill…t…d…ed… me…eee… &c.

[*SPECIAL EFFECT: A projection of dripping blood oozes down the backdrop covering the entire stage in a blood-red glow.*]

LILY FAWN, *looking up to the ghost*:

Stop it! Just go away … you're not real! you're dead!

HANK PINE'S FACELESS GHOST:

I…I… kno…ow… I…mmm… dea…d…, Li…il…ly…

Yo…ou…u… ki…ill…t…d…ed… me…eee…

[106] "*Sh-Boom*" was the first popular "doo-wop": written by James Keyes, Claude Feaster and Carl Feaster, Floyd F. McRae, and James Edwards; and, published in 1954.

Lily crawls up onto her knees before the ghost of Hank Pine, begging and pleading …

LILY FAWN, *on her knees before the ghost*:

No … o… oh! No – no – no … you're not real – not real! Dead! – *Dead and gone.*

Enter the spectres of the slaughtered Bunny family and other victims of the massacre at the Bucket of Blood Club – all of them surrounding her and groaning out her name …

THE SPECTRES OF THE SLAUGHTERED VICTIMS …:

Sh-Boo – m … &c.

Lily Fawn falls down to the floor again, lamenting loudly, fainting in a sorrowful heap:

LILY FAWN:

O – oh!

Enter Linus the Clown cart-wheeling and somersaulting and laughing hysterically. – [*This laughter should resound reverberating and echoing*]:

LINUS THE CLOWN, *to Lily – towering o'er her and kicking her* (*and making cruel boo-hoo faces*):

Femina fuge! Femina fuge! Femina fuge!

[*SPECIAL EFFECT: The blood-red glow bathes the entire set, growing darker ... all lights* (*and sound effects*) *go out – the set is silent and in darkness. – The mid-stage backdrop is raised sight unseen.*]

Exeunt omnes – as such, unseen.

. . .

(*NOTE: Lily Fawn wakes up – in the goal – screaming … only to discover that she's still asleep and, now, in an even worser nightmare-within-a-nightmare – a special hell all of her own!*)

ACT THREE: SCENE FIVE (B): BLAKULLA – *the Devil's Orgy*: (*a living nightmare*): Theatre Absurd.[107]

Lily Fawn

a young pregnant nun in the travail of birth-pangs
&
her monstrous off-spring: a huge bug-eyed demon & a gigantic slithering worm

witchy midwives
three witches at a bubbling cauldron & a baby
other orgiastic sado-masochistic nuns
Sigmund Freud (*being whipped by nuns*)
the devil
death astride a skeletal horse

[*SPECIAL EFFECT: A projection of swirling clouds* (*accompanied by fog wafting across the stage*).]

As Lily's off-stage voice screams out, crying in terror … a dull, yellow-ochre light bathes the set, this clothed in frightening shadows.

Enter Lily Fawn flying through the air on a broomstick. – Screaming in terror.

[*To music of a hammered dulcimer.*]

She lands amidst a witches sabbat in a misty, foggy, graveyard in a dark, dead forest ... all the trees are black and twisted, no leaf grows on them; long, tangled strands of moss hangs from the broken limbs and covers rocks and broken tombstones. [*Mysterious bodies beckon to her from their open coffins, the corruption of their rotting flesh covered with wasps, flies, maggots and worms.*]

- STARK IMAGES -

Enter Mz. de la Foutoi the cruel "Mistress of the Whip" – with a crack of the whip. She approaches center stage front (*as if the Grand Drape were closed … strutting close to stage front. Bold, proud, she stands fisted-hands on hips, in one wielding a terrifying bullwhip, commanding* :)

MISTRESS OF THE WHIP, *commanding the audience*:

[107] Scene from "Häxan: 'The Witches' or 'Witchcraft through the Ages'": a 1922 Swedish/Danish silent film written and directed by Benjamin Christensen. Google to "YouTube 'Häxan: Witchcraft through the Ages, Black Mass'": (4 m. 38 s.).

Avert your eyes; worms … "STARK IMAGES" follow!

NOTE: *Mz. de la Foutoi does not exit the scene but loiters – at her convenience … going about at her leisure and enjoying the horrid scene as it unfolds. – Laughing as she pleases.*

A huge red, cloven hoofed, big bellied, Satan stands amidst fire, presenting his buttocks to a bevy of hysterical nuns, all in various stages of undress. Satan waggles his tongue. Some whip themselves with rosaries, others lash out and whip those around them; many are inserting crucifixes into their own orifices, or others. They all line up, in turn, and each kisses Satan's ass before various hairy and misshapen demons rape them ... much to the pleasure and satisfaction of the nuns.

A nude Sigmund Freud is tied to a broken tombstone; he is being whipped with long-stem roses and spat upon by nuns, when they stop, with tears in his eyes, he cries out to them:

SIGMUND FREUD:

"O sisters, why have you stopped?"

And, they commence to whip and spit on him again. The whiteness of their habits is bespattered with his blood. – Rose petals flutter in the air around them.

A very young witch lying on a stone alter is giving birth to an enormous serpent-like demon. Two naked witches assist the demon out of her, one is young, the other slightly older, but still young. After it is out of her [ ][108] *she gives birth, again, to a bug-eyed, squirming demon.*[109] *The venomous serpent-like demon begins to writhe, as its stomach*

[108] In Milton's *Paradise* Lost, the "Rape of Eve" is suggested in comparing Synne, the incestuous daughter of Satan, to his "*giving birth to her*" as Zeus gave birth to Athena. – Both, like Lilith, are "owl-women" (*which shouldst have us thinking of a time whence* "*the Daughters of Men*" *were ruled by thirteen lunar deities, rather than solar or zodiac veneration*). Synne opens the "Gate of Hell" and Satan and Death – born of incestuous union – build a "Bridge to Earth" and thus cometh about the "Fall of Man." The venomous, serpent-like demon is in its nature *also* identifiable as "*a hideous serpent surrounded by hell-hounds*" … and, the "*thirteen young*" are obviously the "lunar months."

[109] And a great sign appeared in heaven: a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars; and she was with child; and she cried out, being in labor and in pain to give birth. And another sign appeared in heaven: and behold, a great red dragon having seven heads and ten horns, and on his heads were seven diadems. And his tail swept away a third of the stars of heaven, and threw them to the earth. And the dragon stood before the woman who was about to give birth, so that when she gave birth, he might devour her child. **And she gave birth to a son, a male child**, who is to rule all the nations with a rod of iron; and her child was caught up to God and to His throne. And the woman fled into the wilderness where she had a place prepared by God, so that there she might be nourished for one thousand two hundred and sixty days (Revelation 12:1-6).

And when the dragon saw that he was thrown down to the earth, he persecuted the woman who gave birth to the male child. And the two wings of the great eagle were given to the woman, in order that she might fly into the wilderness to her place, where she was nourished or a time and times and half a time, from the presence of the serpent. And the serpent poured water like a river out of his

bursts open, eaten out by her young ones whom wriggle about in her oozing gore - a soft white jelly. As the serpent-like demon dies, it convulses out from between the young witches' legs, and thirteen of her young come out of her mouth. The colour of their skin is rusty iron-grey, but such as to resemble a very ruddy blue. The two witches fight with each other (*for the pleasure of being raped by the bug-eyed demon*) *– biting each other, pull each others' hair … all three convulsing together orgiastically and rolling about on the wet earth before the very young witch. – A macabre dance.*

On another alter, the gruesome sacrifice of an infant takes place. Blood spills out of the wounds inflicted upon it by the witches and nuns. Its eyes open and it speaks, saying …

THE BABY DOLL:

"Mama. Ma … ma. &c."

Several haggard witches are brewing a potion in a large black cauldron. A macabre skeleton of a dog hangs above the steaming cauldron. A witch arrives carrying a bundle of sticks. She drops the bundle of sticks onto the earth by a human skull, and reaches inside the bundle, wherein Hank's mask is hidden; this she puts to her naked loins and wiggles at the other witches. The other witches laugh. One presents her ass, another lick her lips, falls to her knees, and performs oral sex on '*the severed member.*' *She bites it, savagely, and then crawls with it inside her mouth towards the cauldron, spitting it into the potion brewing inside.*

Lily Fawn runs and hides behind an assortment of large wormy wormwood wooden kegs filled with unknown liquids, dripping and leaking from cracks in the wood as a skeletal horse-like creature appears in the background, its rider, a dark shadowy wraith, points a skeletal finger at her. – It's eyes flame.

Far worse things are tucked away in the dark shadows.

Lily faints in a swoon and falls unconscious to the floor in a heap. Stage lights dim into darkness as the simple rough-stone dungeon wall backdrop [*at mid-stage*] *slowly lowers* (*in the dark shadows*). [*Note: Lily Fawn lies in heap in front of this …as the spotlight – the long, existential-window projection of three-or-four prison bars – rises, falling across the floor and over Lily and up the backdrop.*

---

mouth after the woman, so that he might cause her to be swept away with the flood. And the earth helped the woman, and the earth opened its mouth and drank up the river which the dragon poured out of his mouth. And the dragon was enraged with the woman, and went off to make war with the **rest of her offspring, who keep the commandments of God and hold to the testimony of Jesus** (Revelation 12:13-17).

Ordo Virtutum is about the struggle for a ***human soul*** or ***Anima*** (*female voice*), between the ***Virtues*** (*sung by 17 solo female voices*) and the ***Devil***. The piece can be divided as follows:

Part I: Prologue in which the Virtues are introduced to the Patriarchs and Prophets who marvel at the Virtues.
Part II: We hear the complaints of souls that are imprisoned in bodies. The (for now) happy Soul enters and her voice contrasts with the unhappy souls. However, the Soul is too eager to skip life and go straight to Heaven. When the Virtues tell her that she has to live first, the Devil seduces her away to worldly things.
Part III: The Virtues take turns identifying and describing themselves while the Devil occasionally interrupts and expresses opposing views and insults.
Part IV: The Soul returns, repentant. Once the Virtues have accepted her back, they turn on the Devil, whom they bind, and then God is praised.
Part V: A procession of all the characters.

- The Soul (female voice)
- The Virtues (sung by 17 solo female voices): Humility (Queen of the Virtues), Hope, Chastity, Innocence, Contempt of the World, Celestial Love, Discipline? (the name is scratched out in the manuscript) Modesty, Mercy, Victory, Discretion, Patience, Knowledge of God, Charity, Fear of God, Obedience, and Faith[4]
- Chorus of the Prophets and Patriarchs (sung by a male chorus)
- Chorus of Souls (sung by a women's chorus)
- The Devil (a male voice --[5] the Devil does not sing, he only yells or grunts: according to Hildegard, he cannot produce divine harmony)

All parts are sung in plainchant except that of the Devil

- Part I
    1. God, the Light-Giver and Humanity (6)
    2. The Fall (33)
    3. God, Cosmos, and Humanity (31)
    4. Humanity and Life (32)
    5. Synagogue (8)
    6. The Choirs of Angels (12)

- Part II
    1. The Savior (17)
    2. The Triune God (9)
    3. The Church as Mother of Believers – The Baptism (37)
    4. Anointed with Virtue – The Confirmation (14)
    5. The Hierarchy of the Church (60)
    6. The Sacrifice of Christ and the Church; Continuation of the Mystery in the Partaking of the Sacrifice (102)
    7. Humanity's Fight Against Evil; The Tempter (25)
- Part III
    1. The Omnipotent; The Extinguished Stars (18)

2. The Building (28)
3. The Tower of Preparation; The Divine Virtues in the Tower of Preparation (13)
4. The Pillar of the Word of God; The Knowledge of God (22)
5. The Zeal of God (33)
6. The Triple Wall (35)
7. The Pillar of the Trinity (11)
8. The Pillar of the Humanity of the Savior (25)
9. The Tower of the Church (29)
10. The Son of Man (32)
11. The End of Time (42)
12. The Day of the Great Revelation; The New Heaven and the New Earth (16)
13. Praise of the Holy (16)

ACT THREE: LAST SCENE: Lily's Third and Final Nightmare – CASTLE CJESTHE DUNGEON.

Lily Fawn

the Blood Countess – in person

Auntie & Sir
two girls with bows in their hair – Drama & Flair
&
the perverted nuns from the previous scene
torturing
bloody Slave-Grrls in chains

. . .

Satyrs & Satyresses – grotesque dancers

a bag-piper – piping "*Auld Lang Syne*"

The Blood Countess – an olive-skinned Asiatic with long, dark hair and slanted eyes, heavily painted with Egyptian kohl; her breasts are small and nipples dark, little buttons (*in stark contrast to Lily Fawn's soft, pink voluptuousness*).

Enter the Blood Countess, sitting on a simple but impressive throne, draped in bloody raiment which clings tightly to her exquisite body; her flesh radiates with an essence of dazzling brightness – as if bronzed-sunlight oiled with the reflection of purity as opposed to its' inward illumination. [*The throne has been constructed upon a wheeled platform and is pushed out of the wings and onto the stage by a gaggle of Slave-Grrls, bloodied and in chains … not in a straight line, neither dancing rhythmically, but more-so around-and-around: Note – these Slave-Grrls are the* "*stagehands*" *and are now enslaved. Enter the long, black mirror – in flames – also spinning and circling around Lily.*]

Enter (*from the opposite wing*) *Auntie and Sir, accompanied by the abominable nuns of the previous nightmarish scene; and, these hold Drama and Flair close*[110] *… both girls struggle to be free … with futility. Auntie and Sir hurry to capture poor Lily Fawn as she rises up. This melee is carried forth - in the same erratic dance – around poor l'il Lily, as she struggles to rise; the terrors falling in upon her from all sides amidst a cacophony of hideous laughter and other sech cries as nightmarish screams and agonized groaning* [*which continues throughout the scene rising in tempo and pitch, not so much as if an ocean of pain-filled exasperations in ecstatic ruination dispersing themselves as an erotic love-affair with unrepentant stone; hell's hedonistic assault – wave-upon-wave – against love's conviction, unmoved; as if two mouths engaged in a kiss … the one consuming the other and leaving it exasperated of breath, with heaving chest, panting irresolutely loud, lusty panting:* (*Cf. the sounds of fucking's loud breathing, &c.*): *Accompanied by screams of terrorized pain and sadistic laughter which echoing, mingle together until undiscernable.*]

Lily is brought to and made to knell on her knees before the Blood Countess.

THE BLOOD COUNTESS, *to Lily*:

Child! Enchantress! I now implore you,
no! I beg you, Lily: Slay me not in this – pain's distress and torment's anguish.
Beautiful Lily … crush not down my spirit – hither come! as but once before thou camest
whence from afar thou heardest myne voice's lamentation. heardest … and came:
O if ever you've heard my pleading sighs
then return, as once when you left your glorious dominion
on the Golden River and yoked your manifest destiny

[110] Drama & Flair are Violet & Daisy whom have become separated from each other and struggle now to re-unite.

to the quivering pinions of … [*sneering contempt*] of that travelling musician.

Skimming down the paths of infamy
on he brought you … swiftly down into earth's darksome bosom
[ ]

LILY FAWN, *a squeaky little mouse going unheard & wriggling vainly against her captors*:

Why are you doing this to me …? What have I ever done to you …?

THE BLOOD COUNTESS *continues – with more authority – completely ignoring Lily Fawn*:

… then you stood with a brilliant innocence,
evil deer nun [*laughing out loud at Lily Fawn*] before me;
deathless face alight with your smile, wreathed with your laughter, and you ask me
what I have suffered! who was the cause of my love's lonesomeness!
what would ease the pain of my frantic mind, my maddened heart's naked longing, and
why now I call thee to my side:
And whom dost wish I should [*a girl's screams*] sweet Persuasion summon
here, to soothe the sting of your passion this time?[111]

LILY FAWN, *to Aunty and Sir, who still hold her tender limbs – a whimpering whine*:

Don't be so cruel … meanies.

THE BLOOD COUNTESS, *motioning Aunty and Sir into releasing Lily – Lily rubs her wrists and looks sheepishly about her*:

Who is now abusing you [*again, laughing out loud*] Lily? Who?
Who is treating you cruelly?

Thence, Lily Fawn tries to run away ... but where? there is nowhere to run to! She runs to the two tormented girls and tries to free them from their captors ... but can't! She begins to run toward the black mirror ... but for the Slave-Grrls ... she stops! And, the Blood Countess laughs, her laughter resounds, reverberates, echoes ... answered only by the cruel laughter of the perverted nuns and the tortured screams of the two girls with bows in their hair.

THE BLOOD COUNTESS, *to the Aunty and Sir*:

[111] These words, and the Blood Countess' following lines, are taken from Sappho's *Ode to Aphrodite*.

Now she runs away, but soon she'll pursue …

Gifts she now rejects – soon enough – she'll give in;
now she doesn't love me, but soon her heart will
burn, though unwilling.

THE BLOOD COUNTESS, *calling after Lily* (*as she flees*):

Come to me – O Lily – once more, and abate my torment;
take the bitter care of old age from my mind, and give me
all I long for … O Lily …

Miss Lily gives the Blood Countess the bird as she escapes … into rising flames casting her in an satious act of self-immolation; as Dido. And, as Lily escapes through the black mirror, she flashes '*the bird*' *at the Blood Countess.*

The Grand Drape slowly falls.

THE BLOOD COUNTESS *is instantly enraged; she yells out ferociously*:

Although they are only breath, the utterances which I command are immortal.

Remember Lily …: Mirrors are just polished glass and silver with nothing inside or behind them looking back at you. And they won't show you what's inside of you …

Exeunt Lily Fawn

And, as the Grand Drape sets … the first of '*the satyrs*' *then emerges from a trap door* (*stage front & center*) *surrounded by rising flames, followed by others emerging from the wings, and one which swings down from a rope. – These run about in disorder, blowing pan-pipes, descending from the stage into the audience and disappear down the aisles as house lights go up* (*for Intermission.*) – [*Enter bag-piper.*]

. . .

Enter Satyrs and Satyresses. – These are strongly built (*dancers*) *with the feet of goats or donkeys, flat noses and large, pointy ears, and having long curly hair* (*and beards – these also having twisted horns and the ears and tails of goats*) *– all wearing wreaths of vine and ivy. Some are blowing*

*pan-pipes, others parade, holding '**pine cone-tipped wands**' or cymbals, which they clash together, or castanets …drunkenly dancing* (*and passing bottles of wine one-to-another*) *and chasing the timid rabbit-eared-and-cotton-tailed of them.*

Enter a bag-piper – an orangutan – slowly crossing the stage, piping:

"*Auld Lang Syne*":[112]

"*Auld Lang Syne*"

Chorus:

Should Auld acquaintance be for-got and never brought to mind …
Should Auld acquaintance be for-got and days of Auld Lang Syne …
For Auld Lang Syne, my dear, for auld lang syne …
We'll tak a cup of O' kindness yet for auld lang syne …

1.

We twa' ha'e run o'er the braes, And pud the gowans fine …
But we've wander'd many a weary foot, Sin' Auld Lang Syne …

2.

We twa' ha'e paidl't in the burn, Frae morning sun till dine …
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd, Sin' Auld Lang Syne …

3.

And here's a hand my trusty freen', And gie's a hand O' thine …
And we'll tak a right gud willy-waught, For auld lang syne …

4.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup, As surely I'll be mine …
And we'll tak a cup O' kindness yet, For auld lang syne …

Exeunt bag-piping orangutan.

Exeunt Satyrs and Satyresses.

END ACT THREE

[112] "*Old Long Since*" by Robert "Rabbie" Burns. – (1788): As in "*Times Long Gone*" – *long, long ago; days of long ago; in olden days; once upon a time; for old time's sake; to the good old days; &c.* [Google: DigiTrad:AULD LANG SYNE: (http://www.mudcat.org/@displaysong.cfm?SongID=374).]

INTERMISSION

The audience should be given no indication that, indeed, this is an Intermission. Once, though, the audience realizes that it is indeed Intermission and begins to move out into the lobby, the first of the vaudevillian acts comes out on stage: meanwhile, in the lobby, '*meat-men*' *loiter about in bloodied aprons with platters of baloney, wieners, &c.*

The Intermission shouldn't last longer than twenty minutes.

Certain burlesque performances happen on stage: straight guy & patsy (*a stooged act*) *– girls girls girls* (*some being chased on-and-off-stage by horny satyrs*) *– a song and dance acts*: *all containing parables as to the tragic circumstances concerning Miss Lily and Hank Pine.*

. .

Hank Pine, wearing a golden skeleton-key hanging from his belt, at some point will come swooping down over the audience from above, riding on a dragon. – And, he will as unceremonious disappear as he appeared. [*Note: Safety harness is essential. Also, secure key.*]

ENTR'ACTE

The performance shouldst also commence again, warranting no warning signs to the audience. – Even as the last of the vaudevillian acts ends, the Grand Drape – without much ado – shouldst rise … whilest the house lights are yet up.

stylus

THE DAMNATION OF LILY ISABELLA FAWN

ACT FOUR: SCENE ONE: The Trial of Lily Isabella Fawn, Deerwoman – *the first part.*

Lily Fawn

Belfagor – the judge
the Crown (*prosecutor*) *– dressed in a loud suit*
a public defender – a big, yellow chicken

a jury of twelve - infer

a priest & a bevy of nuns – (*supra*)

Capt. Carrot & Sgt. Headbanger
Mz. de la Foutoi – [*cf.* "*Wendy O. Williams*" *– sans mohawk*]

spectators

Violet & Daisy

Whilest the house lights are yet up the Grand Drape rises, beginning the unannounced fourth act. The set is arranged as if for court: *there is an elevated dais for the judge, a jury box, with spectators behind a small separator … and our poor little heroine, Lily Isabella Fawn, is standing between judge and jury and the spectators, in a blue spotlight and wearing prison stripes and chains – heavy shackles around her tiny wrists.* [*Note*: *Just behind Lily, to either side, the recesses remain shadowed, dark.*] *Capt. Carrot stands at the foot of the judge's dais and Sgt. Headbanger stands besides the handcuffed convict – Lily Fawn, hands clasped together o'er her bosom, eyes full of sorrow and tears.*

The jury consists of twelve characters: *in the back row*: *the fabulous bat-winged-horse with a lion's mane and a peacock's tail; a kangaroo – which remains mostly hidden; Linus the Clown – ties to make a nuisance of himself at being obvious, making faces and laughing out loud at poor Lily; Boss Charlie, who is playing with a Lily-doll hanging from a noose; a giant red-eyed rat; and, Homuncubus – looking at nudie magazines.*

Idy Biddy, a li'l ol' grey-haired bunny having her spectacles sitting far out 'pon the tip o' her nose, and wearing a leopard-spotted pill-box hat and black lace veil – she shakes her

fist at Lily (*giving her the finger oftimes*)*; and, Malice the lobster-girl – these two gossiping together. And, Pulchinello – who has the misfortune of sitting between the two gossipy women –* [*he sometimes bashes each of them with his club, calling out,* "*That's the way to do it, see!*" *each time*.] *As well as three winged monkeys – one is sleeping and snores, another is playing a noisy video game, and the last wont stay in his seat in the pursuit of much mischief.*

It was a hot day in the courthouse, the jury sat under an electric fan.

The spectators consist of much of the cast, with the notable exception of Lily's Fate and those characters of the final act.

Standing in a semi-circle behind Lily, babbling prayers is a priest – [*played by Sigmund Freud*] *– and a bevy of perverted nuns, Horror and Moral Terror amongst them, these led by the Mother Superior –* ***"Virgin of the Smile"****. And, these are singing* "*Power in the Blood*" *as the Grand Drape rises …*

[SPIRITUAL CHORAL: "*Power in the Blood.*"][113]

THE PERVETED NUNS, *singing*:

Would you be free from the burden of sin?
There's power in the blood, power in the blood;
would you over evil a victory win?
There's wonderful power in the blood.

There is power, power, wonder working power
in the blood of the doe;
there is power, power, wonder working power
in the precious blood of the roe.

Would you be free from your passion and pride?
There's power in the blood, power in the blood;
come for a cleansing to Calvary's tide;
there's wonderful power in the blood.

There is power, power, wonder working power
in the blood of the doe;
there is power, power, wonder working power
in the precious blood of the roe.

Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow?
There's power in the blood, power in the blood;
sin stains are lost in its life giving flow.
There's wonderful power in the blood.

[113] Words and music by Lewis E. Jones, 1899: Jones wrote this song at a camp meeting at Mountain Lake Park, Maryland.

There is power, power, wonder working power
in the blood of the doe;
there is power, power, wonder working power
in the precious blood of the roe.

Would you do service for Venus your Queen?
There's power in the blood, power in the blood;
would you live daily Her praises to sing?
there's wonderful power in the blood.

There is power, power, wonder working power
in the blood of the doe;
there is power, power, wonder working power
in the precious blood of the roe.

> [NOTE: During the singing of "*Power in the Blood*" by the perverted nuns, the preacher will babble incoherently, repeating phrases such as "O God."; "Sinner's blood."; "Holy Shit."; "Repent and rebel."; "Godam Godam Godam."; &c.]

The Judge bangs the gavel …

THE JUDGE, *to Lily – holds up and shakes a piece of paper*:

Lily Isabella Fawn – Evil Deer Nun – Here you stand before me.
We've got you charged with an awful crime, *holds up the paper*
Murder in the First Degree ...

CROWN PROSECUTOR:

Ladies and gentlemen of the Jury,
what do you think of that?
Lily Fawn killed Hank Pine 'bout an ol' gunny sack!
- 'mgine tha' ... that bad girl bad, O cruel Lily Fawn.

Now it was not murder in the second degree,
and it was not murder in the third,
the woman simply dropped her man,
like a hunter drops a bird.

THE PUBLIC DEFENDER, *addressing the jury – turns back to smiles at the judge, currying favour*:

He was her man but he done her wrong.

So the woman shot him down ...

THE JUDGE, *to the Jury*:

Plain as a thing can be.
A woman shot her lover done.

He was her man but he was doing her wrong.

THE JUDGE, *turning to Lily*:

If we free you woman,
you'll just go out and kill yourself another man ...
if'n he does you wrong – if'n he does you wrong.

LILY FAWN:

I'm not takin' no sass,
Judge, I'm sorry this thing has come to pass,
but I never shot him in the first degree.
I shot the faithless no-good masked man … in his low-down trifling ass.
'Cause he done me wrong – 'cause he done me wrong.

THE PUBLIC DEFENDER, *psst – whispering to Lily, but loudly*:

Sit down, Lily – yer blown this thing fer me!

Sit down and dry your tears.

"You know murder is a capital hangin' crime – *lex talonis*!
but I'll try and get you off with ninety-nine years-or-so!"

THE PUBLIC DEFENDER, *turning to address the spectators* – [*instead of judge or jury*]:

He was her man but he done her wrong!

CROWN PROSECUTOR:

Ain't it a pity? Ain't it a shame?

Hank Pine was shot, but he don't want no name!

Lily Fawn, Lily Fawn, jes' look-it what you done done ...
killed de best ol' travellin' musician an' now you'll have to be hung.

LILY FAWN *cries – to the Judge and the Jury*:

Please don't take my life. – Doesn't makes it right … wantin' to kill me sech like yeh do.
I gots ...

THE JUDGE, *stepping down from the dais, walks past the jury over to Lily – to the jury* (*in passing*):

Lily, you're gunna be justified,
killin' tha' ASS-man! – I knows how he did you wrong.

THE JUDGE, *to Lily – taking both her manacled hands in his* (*– and, licking his lips, leers at her*):

You shot your man, 'cause he done you wrong.

He was your man, now he's dead. - Dead and gone.

The spectators begin to sing …

[Chorus]: spectators:

Dead and gone - dead and gone.
Poor boy - poor boy.
Dead and gone - dead and gone.
Poor girl - poor girl.
&c.

... answered by the jury:

[Chorus]: jury:

Dat gal, bad gal.
Dat gal, bad gal.
Shake her finger at you.

Dat gal, bad gal,
cruel Lily Fawn,
shake her finger at you -
her time done come, done come.

The chorus continues – slowly quieting – as this scene concludes …

THE JUDGE, *aloud for all to hear*:

I like this little bitch!
So I'm settin' bail - but I'm settin' it mighty high.

LILY FAWN *cries*:

Set my bail! – Set my bail!
You can set my bail … set it mighty high or let me go;
But if its money you is a-wantin' … money I ain't gots!

THE JUDGE:

We'll just have to take it out of tha' nice, li'I ol' plump ass o' yourn.

Black trailers close.

Enter Coon-Shouter, singing – crosses the stage:

COON-SHOUTER:

So they put Lily into jail,
and a sad thing came to hap,
the J. P. {Justice of the Peace} and the goaler, both,
came down with a dose of slap -
my God, she was a lulu,
every inch a lulu;
Lily Fawn, that li'l ol' hoodoo voodoo girl,
with her mojo she juju'd 'em both so good.

Sunday she got 'rested. Tuesday she was charged.
Wednesday she pleaded for all-life trial - but they wanted to hang her for her crimes!

O, Lily was arrested
There would be no fine.
Because he considered her a flight risk,
the J. P. argued for no bail,
sayin':

"Let her rot in jail till her judgment come."

Exeunt Coon-Shouter.

. . .

Enter Violet and Daisy wandering down the aisles holding tin cups and soliciting the audience:

VIOLET & DAISY, *soliciting several audience members* – (*Careful not to linger …*):

Please spare some change.
They got my baby in de station house
an' mah business mus' be 'ranged.

&c.

[*They continue to solicit change well into the next scene.*]

ACT FOUR: SCENE TWO: 'Open Season' on Lily Fawn: Public Enemy No. 1 – *Lily escapes.*

Lily Fawn

Mz. de la Foutoi – the goaler

Violet & Daisy

The black curtain parts – Lily Fawn lays in the dungeon, bathed in the rays of the barred window projection. She cries …

LILY FAWN, *weeping*:

Boo-hoo. Boo-hoo. Boo-hoo.

The cruel mistress of the whip came around (*in the morning*) *and said …*

MZ. DE LA FOUTOI, *hands on hips with whip in hand, stands silently watching Lily*:

"Hank Pine was nuthin' but a doggone pest!"

LILY FAWN *chokes back her sorrowful tears – sits up and rubs her wee-weepy doe-eyes*:

O he was my man … but 'he done did me wrong.' – *O so wrong.*

MZ. DE LA FOUTOI: [- *her compassion would be about the same as that of Sigourney Weaver as Ripley in "Alien - Resurrection" whence first confronted by the pretty young droid Annalee Call* (*Winona Ryder*)**]**:

Don't you worry.
I guess it was all for the best.
Hank was always guitar playing and singing,

sho's all around. My Gad! He was an awful pest.

And he was your man! - And he did done you wrong.

LILY FAWN:

Well, what do you think it'll be? "Will I go free?"

MZ. DE LA FOUTOI, *coldly laughing*:

It looks like a case of cold-blooded murder in the first degree.
I know … he was your man! - but you shot him down
and we ain't found all but three pieces o' him yet.
And what you did to that poor bunny family – ha – and those other mangy animals …

What do you think? Lily! "Will you go free?"

LILY FAWN, *after sitting motionless and silent ... she speaks - meekly*:

May – [*Lily is going to say*, "*Maybe*" *… but catches herself, to say*:] - May I have my tea, please?

MZ. DE LA FOUTOI, *coldly laughing*:

You'll get yours, a'right …

Exeunt the cruel mistress of the whip.

Enter Violet & Daisy, sneaking in from the far dark recess. They approach Lily, cautious as mice.

VIOLET & DAISY

Black trailers close.

Enter Coon-Shouter, singing:

COON-SHOUTER:

The wimmins in Kissin' Town, dey all hears de news,
that Hank - O Hank Pine was dead and gone …
run excursions with new red shoes; an' its one mo' rounder done gone.

Some come dressed in orange colour, an' some come dressed in red.

ACT FOUR: SCENE THREE: At the FUNeral of Hank Pine.

A dirge for repose

HANK PINE'S SO-CALLED FRIENDS [ ] *begin to solemnly weep & wail most pitifully*:

“”

requiem for the dead

THE PREACHER,

It is custome still in use with Christians to attend the funeral of their deceased friends – *all sech wail* – with whole chantries of choice quire-men singing solemnly before him.[114]

“I must be cruel to be kind.” *Hamlet*

ACT FOUR: SCENE FOUR: Mad Doctor Bedlam - .

After the escape

In court the following morning, she was placed into the custody of psychiatrist Dr. Bedlam [*played by Sigmund Freud … in court: to all concerning Lily … she is monster and pervert &c.*] with whom Lily refused to cooperate; he soon diagnosed her as suffering from manic-depressive psychosis – probably the forerunner of a definite dementia praecox ... meaningless gibberish. The next day she was transferred to the sanitarium.

DR. BEDLAM, *to the jury - pointing at Lily*:

[114] “*Shakespeare's England*” II, 150 – [*circa 1598*]

She's a pervert and a monster and a danger …

The doctor is drowned out by hoots-and-howls started by the three winged monkeys, but including the spectators … and even the audience (*spurred on by the placard girl*).

For the next seven months, Lily became irreversibly enmeshed in the dark world of psychiatric treatment and abuse, savaged by a series of violent treatments intended to strip her of her dignity & sanity.

Beginning at the sanitarium, she was subjected to insulin shock treatment, a brutal psychiatric torture that stuns the body in addition to inflicting extensive brain damage. Reacting badly to the insulin shock – she received some 90 of these – Lily was no longer able to concentrate or remember

ACT FOUR: SCENE FIVE: The Trial of Lily Isabella Fawn, Deerwoman – *the second part*.

Enter Coon-Shouter

COON-SHOUTER:

At ten o'clock Lily was a-waiting, at eleven o'clock she was worried, too;
wondering where her Hank was, what he was doing … and with whom!

He was her man but he was doing her wrong.

I got up one mornin', jes' 'bout half-past-fo' (o'clock),
on a cold, dark & stormy night;
Lily Fawn an' Hank Pine done have one noble finish fight:

what 'bout? All 'bout dat fancy brand new bag she gifs him.

She threw him out into the rain & cold,
with nothin' but his bloody ol' gunny sack.

Hank Pine, Hank Pine, what's dat in yo' gunny sack?

HANK :

Nothin' but my 'lectric guitar, I'm goin' ta take a trip with that.

COON-SHOUTER :

They took her to the courthouse
the Judge sat on the bench
an the first one to put her can in the chair
was Hank Pine's lovin' hootchie-kootchie dance hall wench Bettina,
& she said,

BETTINA :

She killed that man who done her wrong.

COON-SHOUTER :

Down at the trial, down at the trial of Miss Lily Isabella Fawn.

It was not murder in the second degree,
it was not murder in the third,
the woman simply dropped her man
like a hunter drops a bird.

He was her man but she shot him down.

Lily said to the Warden, "What are they going to do?"
The Warden said to Lily, "It's the electric chair for you.

You shot your man tho' he done you wrong, so wrong."

Sherrif got Lily
& he put her on the stand.
Says, "Kill you another man
that won't stay at home - wont stay at home - stay at home ..."

LILY FAWN – *to all*:

O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears;
O life, no life, but lively form of death;
O world, no world, but mass of public wrongs,
confused and filled with murder and misdeeds.
O sacred heavens! If this unhallowed deed,
if this inhuman and barbarous attempt,
if these incomparable murders thus
of mine, but now no more my soul,
shall unrevealed and un-revenged pass,
how should I term your dealings to be just,
if I unjustly deal with those that in your Justice trust.

ACT FOUR: SCENE SIX: Lily Fawn – "DEATH ROW."

On Friday they condemned her, the Judge - he lowered his head;
on Saturday they hanged her ... glad to see her dead.

Passin' through the jail house,
went by Lily's cell,
asked her how she was feelin'?
She said, "Go to hell!"

He was her man but he done her wrong.

The last time I saw saw Lily
she was ridin' on that train
takin' her to the scaffold
never to bring her back again

He was her man but he done her wrong.

& the last words that Miss Lily said,
"He was my man but he done me wrong, so wrong."

In the last calm sleep I see him now,
the beautiful peace on his handsome brow;
that winsome cheesecake on his heaving breast,
the crimson blade & the dreamless rest.

Now, that I can no longer live,
O, pitying Lord, my crimes forgive.
When I hear the call of judgment roll
may I appear with a blood-washed soul.

& the last words that Miss Lily said,
"He was my man but he done me wrong, so wrong."

END ACT FOUR

HELL

ACT FIVE: SCENE FIRST: AT LONG LAST …EXECUTION DAY for LILY ISABELLA FAWN, DEERWOMAN.

Lily Fawn

Slave-Grrl (*who is obviously matured*) *as* "*Mz. de la Foutoi – the cruel mistress of the whip*"

the judge
Capt. Carrot & Sgt. Headbanger
the preacher – babbling

Boss Charlie

a skeletal hearse driver – wearing black armband and a sad face
&
a skeletal horse draped in black

the mob

. . .

the grim reaper

the devil

Even as the Grand Drape rises, the dull grumbling of a mob can be heard – singing …

["*Bang On, Lily*" *is sung by the blood-thirsty mob.*]

The Grand Drape rises. Stage lights illuminating the unseen but on-stage presence of the mob remain off during this scene. The backdrop of the rough-stone dungeon walls is down, but only illuminated by spotlight (*to one side*) *- supra. – And, a free-standing jail-house door of bars stands open …*

Spotlighted in the barred projection of the cell's window: *Mz. de la Foutoi* – [*Slave-Grrl* (*who is obviously matured*)] *– the cruel mistress of the whip,*[115] *stands over Lily Fawn* ( ): *with a crack of the whip, Lily is rudely awoken.*

[115] Cf. Raquel Welch as "*the cruel mistress of the whip*" in "*The Magic Christian*"

MZ. DE LA FOUTOI, *as she cracks the whip* – [*ending suspension of disbelief … and*] *waking Lily*:

A'right, Sleeping Beauty! Nap times over, sweet cheeks …

[*Cracking the whip*]: Get up!

Lily Fawn starts up and shrivels back away from her new tormentor …

LILY FAWN:

How can I sleep?
All 'round my bedside lovin' Hank - he do creep;
an' it's all I got got's gone. – Done gone!

MZ. DE LA FOUTOI, *as she cracks the whip again*:

Get up! I say …

LILY FAWN:

How can it be?
Feed all the prisoners, won't give me my tea.

MZ. DE LA FOUTOI *shakes the whip threateningly – at the last cracking it again and laughing cruelly*:

You'll be given everything you deserve,
except tha' good ol' jail house key.

You're time has come …

LILY FAWN:

Lawd have mercy on your soul.

Laughing, Mz. De la Foutoi takes rough command of Lily Fawn, pushing her along, through the cell door, and out into a spotlight which at that moment opens on the judge with Capt. Carrot and Sgt. Headbanger – and, these take custody of the prisoner – and the preacher: the cruel mistress of the whip stands laughing as Lily Fawn is led away

between the two cops. – Her spotlight shrinks and disappears but her cold laughter carries on.

Lily Fawn walks through the ugly mob; the preacher leads the way, babbling; on either side of Lily are Capt. Carrot and Sgt. Headbanger; the judge follows (*in order to witness the execution*): *the hooded hangman stands atop a scaffold which is surrounded by the Fluff Girls* (*and Hank Pine's allies – the ASS-men*). *The mob – including many of the* "*chimeras*" *– is singing*: "*Bang On, Lily*" *… and, amidst much laughter and merriment and angry cussing at Lily Fawn. Boss Charlie walks around with a tray –* [*the tray having a neck strap*]: *he is selling Lily Fawn dolls … wearing nooses.*

["*Bang On, Lily.*"]

Solemnly attired in drab undertaker raiment, a skeletal hearse driver, with a skeletal horse shrouded in black and wearing a black harness with plumes, stands waiting for Lily Fawn's hanged-dead body at the foot of the scaffold. As is a little drummer boy – [*played by Eros*] *– who sits waiting for her in procession, his drum between his knees and head hanging low; and, as Lily Fawn begins to ascend the scaffold, he drum rolls her death march –* (*pianissimo*). *– But without heart.*

[*Drum rolls …*]

The judge climbs up the gallows stairs, followed by Capt. Carrot leading Lily Fawn, her following Sgt. Headbanger (*and the preacher, still babbling*): *and, the executioner took Miss Lily for to hang her; though, not many tears were being shed. – And, all-the-whilest the mob applauds.*

THE MOB, *either all-at-once or a-few-at-a-time – pell-mell and full of hell*:

Death to Lily Isabella Fawn!

Kill the evil deer nun.

To hell with the Deerwoman!

&c.

As Lily Fawn ascends … the little drummer boy – to the sound of tinkling bells – rolls the drum allegretto. The drum rolls stop … amidst much laughter &c.

THE JUDGE, *solemnly speaking – head down and hands fidgeting nervously*:

Any last words, Lily? before we … uh!

BUCK THE REINDEER, *yelling out from the crowd*:

Die with your secret, Lily.

LILY FAWN:

I have a lot to say.

ACT FIVE: SCENE NEXT: The LAST WORDS of MISS LILY ISABELLA FAWN, DEERWOMAN.[116]

Lily Fawn

the hangman – a 'medieval' executioner (*wearing black hood*)

Boss Charlie

the preacher – babbling "*me-me-me*"
Capt. Carrot & Sgt. Head-banger
the judge

a skeletal hearse driver – wearing black armband and a sad face
&
a skeletal horse draped in black

chorus: *unseen dead and damned*

. . .

the grim reaper

the devil

Lily Fawn approaches the threshold of the scaffold, defiant and full of life's vital breath, and she look out over the jeering, laughing mob. – Searching for familiar or friendly faces. And, amidst angry cries against her, she begins calmly (*to recite the following poem*): [*As she speaks, the crowd is lulled, seduced by her divine presence which emanates – the emanation is enhanced as lights on her narrow into radiant shafts of coloured lights*]:

LILY FAWN *sings soliloquy – each verse accompanied by moans of the unseen dead and damned*):[117]

[116]

[117] These words have been *falsely* attributed to having been composed by Frankie Silver …

This dreadful dark and dismal day
has swept (all) my (past) glories away;
my sun gone down, my life is spent,
and I must leave this world at last.

O! Lord, what will become of me?
I am condemned, you all now see;
to heaven or hell my soul must fly,
all in a moment when I die.

The judge my sentence has passed,
these prison walls I'll leave at last;
nothing to cheer my drooping head
until I'm numbered with the dead.

But O! that awful judge I fear.
Shall I that awful sentence hear?
"Depart, ye cursed, down to hell
and forever there to dwell."

I know that frightful ghosts I'll see,
gnawing their flesh in misery;
and then and there attended be
for murder in the first degree.

Then shall I meet that mournful face,
whose blood I spilled upon this place;
with flaming eyes to me he'll say,
"Why did you take my life away?"

His feeble hands fell gently down.
His chattering tongue soon lost its sound.
To see his soul and body part -
it strikes with terror in my heart.

I took his blooming days away,
left him no time to God to pray;
and if sins fall upon his head,
must I not bear them in his stead?

O dreadful thought for any sho'
to try and take my man ...
Poor boy, poor boy.
Poor boy, poor boy.

The jealous thought that first gave strife,

to make me take my man's life,
for I spent no time
thinking how to do this awful crime.

And how on a dark and doleful night,
I put the body out of sight ...
and in eight shallow holes the earth did him consume,
but time would not admit it done.

You all see me and on me gaze.
Be careful how you spend your days;
and never commit this awful crime,
but try to serve your God's time.

My mind on solemn subject rolls.
My little ghost, "God bless my soul!" …
all you that are of the human race,
let not my faults this - my ghost disgrace.

Farewell, good people, you all now see,
what my bad conduct's brought on me;
to die of shame and in disgrace
before the world of the human race.

Awful indeed to think of death,
in perfect health to lose my breath;
farewell my friends, I bid adieu,
vengeance on me you must now pursue.

"Great God! How shall I be forgiven?"
Not fit for earth, not fit for heaven;
but little time to pray to God,
for now I try that awful road.

Come (all) you young folks and on me gaze,
take warning how you spend your days;
my sun gone down, my life is past,
(and) I leave this wicked world at last.

[CHORUS]: THE DEAD & THE GOD-DAMNED (SOULS), *moaning – repeat last*:

Poor girl, poor girl.
Poor girl, poor girl.
Done gone, done gone.
Done gone, done gone.

The first of twelve long resonating gongs, deep and rich sounds …

Lily Fawn – the rope around her neck – as calm as a girl can be, turns her eyes to heaven, and says …

LILY FAWN:

Good Lord, I'm coming ... whoopee!

The hangman – slowly – ties her hands behind her back and draws a black hood over Lily's head … [*thence – as a thirteenth gong strikes –the trap is sprung on Lily Fawn*].

HANGMAN, *to Lily – putting the hood over head and the rope around her neck*:

It'll be a'right, li'l roe …
I'll be gentle. – won't kill you slow.

(*Then – as the thirteenth gong strikes – the trap is sprung on Lily Fawn.*): ***But … but her neck refused to crack.*** - [*Note: Because the trap door mechanism malfunctioned!*]

HANGMAN, *frightened – to the mob*:

O God! Y'all see how it be -
I can't hang this woman,
better (to) set her free.

LILY FAWN *curses – hooded and standing on the gallows, rope around her neck*:

But, they've already paid for a funeral,
and ready stands the hearse.

Get to it buddy-boy and kill me quick or slow before I die of boredom.
Hell's a-waiting my po' Godam Soul and *… I'm waitin' … ta go.*

So they tried to hang poor again Miss Lily Fawn again, and … satisfaction undertaken, wouldst put her six-feet deep in the earth.

The black trailers begin to close. – [*And, these close before Lily Fawn finishing speaking her last words … so as to hide the grisly spectacle of our little heroine's tragic demise*: (*God damn that masked man*!)]:

The executioner took Miss Lily for to hang her; not many tears were shed; pull the black cap over her head, and the last words that Miss Lily said:

LILY FAWN, *as the black hood is fit over her head – bright eyes looking up to the sky and smiling*:

O woe (is me)! You are judging me for corruption and cruelty. Am I more corrupt and cruel than you? A sinful relationship … yes ... I seized the only chance of affection I had. Or am I accused of wanting power? What do you want? I was forced into this place, and here the only security is power. – And I am powerless. Yet, I'm speaking the truth, as I can now for the first time in my life: **"The law of men is inhuman"** … and it made me inhuman too, like you. But I know I have a soul. And at last I'm free. – I am free … free at last – free at last. Thank God, I am free at las …

And so, Lily Fawn is standing on the gallows – her head was way up high – whence they tried again to kill her, again; and, they was all glad to see her die … that evil deer nun, Miss Lily Isabella Fawn.

Sound Effect: *The trap-door drops open and the rope snaps … to the applause and cheers of the unruly and blood-thirsty mob.*

Organ music rises – played very gravely:

["*Nearer, my God, to Thee.*"]

ACT FIVE: NEXT-TO-LAST SCENE: THE EXECUTION OF LILY ISABELLA FAWN, DEERWOMAN.

Lily Fawn – off-stage voice

Hank Pine – off-stage voice

the grim reaper

the devil

Organ music – played very gravely – continues.

Enter the Grim Reaper, through the black drapes, shrouded in a ragged black cloak and holding a scythe in bony hands.

THE GRIM REAPER:

O once more I saw Lily,
she was settin' easy – rockin' in a chair,
waitin' for to go and meet (her) God
a-sawin' an' a-sighing,
and the last words that I heard her say …

(*Off-stage voice*) LILY FAWN *sighs*:

He was my man but he done me wrong, so wrong.

Enter the Devil brandishing a tri-pronged fork and accompanied by a chorus of demons and the damned – all wailing. [*Note: The demons torture the damned.*]

THE DEVIL, *leading the chorus in parade*:

He was her man but he done her wrong, so wrong.

[CHORUS]: THE DEMONS & THE DAMNED, *all wailing*:

Poor gal, poor gal,
poor gal, poor gal.
Done gone, done gone,
done gone, done gone.

THE DEVIL:

Three little pieces o' black crepe paper
hangin' now in the crib-joint door …
signifies tha' bad evil girl - Lily Fawn – O Lily Fawn
will be never sawin' there no mo' …

God damn his soul, that masked ASS-man - he did her wrong.

HANK PINE, *off-stage voice*:

But what she did with my face ...
tha' darty sho' … ne'er did say ...

stylus

[*Note: "tha' darty sho' …" echoes, reverberating into silence.*]

"O Mr. Devil, won't you take yo' pitchfork from off on top yo' Devil's shelf …"

THE DEVIL *interrupts – calling out to the off-stage voice of Hank Pine*:

If you want Miss Lily, you go an' git her by you'se'f - you'se'f …

Exeunt the devil – followed by the chorus.

THE GRIM REAPER, *through the black trailers*:

The day Lily left the scaffold … she was as dead as a girl could be.

Exeunt the grim reaper.

ACT FIVE: CONCLUSION: LILY FAWN GOES TO HELL!

Lily Fawn

angels

the devil

demons & the damned – a chorus

. .

Hank Pine & Edgar Allen Poe
Eros

The black trailers part open.

On stage are the three tombstones of – ["*Me, Myself, and I*"] *– Hank Pine's graves. The devil, wielding trident, stands by grave-dirt, piled up in mounds around the open graves.*

THE DEVIL, *beaconing to Lily Fawn*:

Lily Fawn … evil deer nun! Ha!
… come see what you have done!
[*Much laughing.*]

Enter Lily Fawn – struts over to the Devil … (*to identify poor Hank's soul*).

THE DEVIL, *laughing at Lily Fawn*:

O but the poor boy is absent – [*Much laughing.*] – O why! see! he has burned to charcoal.

Enter the Angels – lowered down from above, like birds, sitting on flowery swings. – [*Note of caution*: *every angel should be securely tethered for safety.*]. *Furthermore, fluffy clouds – as a backdrop – shouldst be lowered along with them.*

CHORUS: THE ANGELS, (*up in heaven*) – *to the audience*:

There's something we don't get …
Lily shot Hank a month ago …
and the fool ain't got here yet.

The devil stamps the trident butt-end against the ground - and it sparks: *a mighty rumble grumbles up out of the shaking earth. And, fire flares up out of the open graves* (*amidst much smoke*). *The devil laughs, saying*:

THE DEVIL, *laughing at Lily Fawn*:

It must be … Miss Lily! your baby turning upside down.

Lily Fawn saucy stalks up to the devil – wagging her finger under his nose …

LILY FAWN, *sassy answering*:

I'm a bad girl, mutha-fuka! Don't you know?
And I'll crawl over sexty sech good pussies
just to get one (fat boy's) asshole.

Come on and have some fun -
you stick me with your pitchfork,
(and) I'll shoot you with my cold Colt-steel fo'ty-fo' smokeless gat-gun.

Lily Fawn grabs the long fork away from the devil …

LILY FAWN, *grabbing the fork*:

Gimmi *that*!

… and, taking it, crawls (back) into the cold, dead ground.

LILY FAWN, *descending into one of the open graves – these still steaming and flashing with sparks*:

Stand back, you devil, all youse demons and God-damned dead,
I'm gunna rule here in hell beneath - and run amok on earth above,
because I'm the meanest one around.

Loud groaning and shrieking cries - all the demons and the God damned dead – followed by the demons and God-damned dead crawling up, out of the open graves.

[CHORUS]: THE DEMONS & THE DAMNED:

Miss Lily Fawn, Lily Fawn, she's the meanest one around ...
and when that evil deer nun done come …
better get your ass out of town.

Lily Fawn, Lily Fawn, she's the meanest Fluff Girl around;
when they start to havin' fun, better git yo' body out of Kissin' Town.
And out in Kissin' Town Alley, where they once wuz tha' Bucket of Blood Club,
every step you take you' a-steppin' in Hank Pine's blood.

LILY FAWN, *rising up and turning her eyes to heaven*:

He was my man but he done me wrong, so wrong.

Lily Fawn descends into the fiery grave. – The demons and God-damned dead continue to flee her approach.

Exeunt the demons and God-damned dead.

LILY FAWN:

Good Lord, I'm coming! whoopee!

He was my man, but he done me wrong.

He was my man but he done me wrong, so wrong.

And I'm not sorry … fo' I nailed my man who done me wrong.

Exeunt Lily Fawn.

As the Grand Drape falls … the devil sneaks up to the graveside, peeking in after her.

Enter Hank Pine with Edgar Allen Poe whom addresses Hank Pine, thus:[118]

EDGAR ALLEN POE, *to Hank Pine*:

Ah! broken is the golden bowl! The spirit is flown for ever!
Let the bell toll! – a saintly soul floats on the Stygian river,
and, Hank Pine, hast *thou* a tear? weep not nor ever more!
oh! to dishonour dead beauty with a tear! as if the dead may feel no wrong!
Come! let the burial rite be read! – the funeral song be sung!
an anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young –
a dirge for her the doubly dead in that she died so young.

EDGAR ALLEN POE, *to the audience*:

"Wretches! ye loved her for her rack and hated her for hate's sake,
and when she fell on hard times, ye blessed her – *in* that she died!
How thou shall the ritual , then, be read? – the requiem how be sung?

"By you? – by yours? the evil eye – by yours? the slanderous tongue
that did to death the innocent that died, and died so young?"

EDGAR ALLEN POE, *to Hank Pine - again*:

PECCAVIMUS! but rave not thus! and let a Sabbath song
go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel so wrong!
The sweet Lily Fawn hath gone before, with "a no one" that flew beside
leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have been thy bride –
for her, the fair and *debonair*, that now all perfumed so lowly lies,
the life upon her yellow hair but not within her eyes –
the life still there, upon her hair – the death upon her eyes.

EDGAR ALLEN POE *turns from Hank Pine – ignores both Hank Pine and audience*:

"Avaunt! to-night my heart is light. No dirge will I upraise,
But waft the angel on her flight with a Paean of old days!

[118] "*Lenore*" by Edgar Allen Poe, 1845: cf. "A Paean" (1831) by Poe. Refer to "*al-A'araaf*," also by Poe.

let no bell toll! – lest her sweet soul, amid its hallowed mirth,
should catch the note, as it doth float – up from the damned Earth.
To friends above, from fiends below, the indignant ghost is riven –
from Hell unto a high estate far up within the Heaven –
from grief and groan, to a golden throne, beside the maidens of Mögþrasir."

Exeunt whilest Hank Pine is speaking …

HANK PINE, *seeing no sympathy in Poe, turns to the audience*:

"Avaunt! avaunt! from fiends below, the indignant ghost is riven –
from Hell unto a high estate far up within the Heaven –
from grief and groan, to a golden throne, beside the maidens of Mögþrasir.
let no bell toll, then! – lest her sweet soul, amid its hallowed mirth,
should catch the note, as it doth float up from the damned Earth!
And I – to-night my heart is light! – no dirge will I upraise,
but waft the angel on her flight with a Paean of old days!"

Exeunt Hank Pine (*in low spirits*).

Enter Eros (*as the Grand Drape rises*).

EROS, *addressing the audience*:

Some sin does bear privilege on earth
by choice or chance or curse
and with wit and worldliness
to worship it as holiness.

Exeunt Eros.

ACT FIVE: GRANDE FINALÉ: The RESURECTION Of LILY ISABELLA FAWN – DEERWOMAN.

Lily Fawn

Coon-Shouter

three proto-goddesses: *Manifest Destiny & Presence & Fatal Laughter*

Ariadne

Death – a young blonde girl (*wearing butterfly wings and a wreath of poppies*)

four tiny deer-like fairies – dancers
a squirrel & a goat – dancers

the Snake – dancer (*with lines*)
Scritch Owl – off-stage screech
a baby-doll

Hank Pine – off-stage voice

(*As*) *Grand Drape rises. The stage is dark and silent. – Sawing begins* (*as a spotlight from above illuminates Lily Fawn*). *– Stage lights slowly rise.*

The backdrop is an imitation grand drape (*having a golden cord hanging at one side*).

Enter Lily Fawn – "*sawing*" *– and with three proto-goddesses, the Fatal Sisters, in their places before the giant Spindle of Necessity*: *two candles are burning –* [*Spotlighted from above.*]

[]

Lily Fawn is sitting, with her saw, by a fountain, on the root of a magnificent ash tree, on which grows golden apples – "*fire*": *she sits with three other women – the Daughters of the Night: Manifest Destiny, Presence, and Fatal Laughter* (*in swan's plumage*).

Dionysus and Apollo are particularly joined in Orphic thought and its theogonic discourse, which was wholly at variance with Hesiod's theology. In the succession of divine ages described in Orphic theogony, Dionysus is at once the last ruler and the first. In the last age he appears in the guise of a child who is lured by the Titans with toys - a spinning top, a devilish rhombus, and a mirror - and then slaughtered and devoured after being first boiled and then roasted. In being torn apart, scattered abroad, and broken into seven pieces, Dionysus experiences for himself the effects of the utmost differentiation, in accord with the process that began after the first age under the aegis of Phanes-Metis, another name for Dionysus.

Enter Coon-Shouter carrying 'a doll.' – And, this uses to tempt young Fatal Laughter away from the other women.

Manifest Destiny, the eldest, manically waves a large pair of scissors at Coon-Shouter, who is pestering Fatal Laughter, who sits on the floor at her feet holding a distaff in the shape of a eidolon – "*phallic*": *Presence – both a daughter and a mother – is milking a goat –* [*its horn caught up in the roots.*]

Presence mixes the warm goat's milk with honey and beer, and presents it to Lily Fawn – ceasing her "*sawing*" *to accept* ***the mead*****:**

LILY FAWN, *drinking a toast*:

'SBLOOD! an' e'ermore.

Then she sits down at a spinning wheel, pulling the last bit of thread wrapped about Fatal Laughter's distaff and holds it such-wise – all-the-whilest casually admiring herself in a small mirror which Presence holds for her …

Manifest Destiny – having chased Coon-Shouter off – sheaths her scissors within the folds of her apron, and goes to draw water from the fountain; and, this she sprinkles o'er the root of the ash tree.

Enter four tiny deer-like fairies (*from behind the root*).

And, the four tiny deer-like fairies dance around Lily Fawn (*and the three sisters), all cavorting and cajoling, kissing each other, and eating the young budding leaves of the ash tree. Lily Fawn is the recipient of much of this affectionate attention. –* [*Having, somewhat, redefining her* "*natural instincts*": *No longer having virginal innocence … but once again fully restored to Mother Nature* (*as mystical goddess of the moonlit forest*).]: *A squirrel plays, running up and down the trunk of the ash tree.*

Fatal Laughter is lured away by Coon-Shouter, backs off-stage, followed by the girl …

Exeunt Coon-Shouter & Fatal Laughter.

Enter Fatal Laughter. – Her returning moments later with dress unbuttoned and face wet with tears, dragging "*the doll*" *behind her – broken and mangled. She sits on the floor beside Lily Fawn, and begins to play with the doll. – Still crying.*

Enter Coon-Shouter … following after the girl, tucking his shirt tail back into his pants and zipping up the zipper on his trousers; leering and prowling around Fatal Laughter (*and Lily*) *... but, when he touches the girl – running his fingers down her cheeks, grasping her chin in his hand, and making her to stare into his face – Lily Fawn slaps him*: [ ]. *Fatal Laughter squeezes the doll in both arms*:

THE DOLL, *its voice broken and distorted – in its hand are carrots*:

… a … am … a ... a … ama … m-m-m …

LILY FAWN, *to Coon-Shouter – shakes her finger at him and pokes him in the eye when he laughs at her*:

Great peril always dogs those who do as they wish in order to satisfy their desires.

Coon-Shouter, the lecher, retires into shadows bearing away some of Fatal Laughter's swans' plumage.

LILY FAWN *sings – unto Fatal Laughter*:

What ever you do … don't never, never trust no man;
God damn their souls,
they'll do you wrong.

He'll be your man … for awhile! but he'll not come home
when he oughta …

LILY FAWN *sings – turning unto Presence*:

But if you ever trust a man,
be sure you treat him right,
kick his ass out every mornin'
an' take his money every night.

The son-of-a-bitch,
he'll do you wrong.

Manifest Destiny, wetting her fingers, extinguishes one of the two candles – Scritch Owl [*off-stage voice*] *screeches dreadfully shrill at that very instant.*

MANIFEST DESTINY, *to Fatal Laughter*:

Be [] fraudulent when dealing with men.

LILY FAWN *sings – turning back unto Fatal Laughter*:

Yes! Beware those God damn men;
the bastards will do you wrong
just as sure as you're born.

COON-SHOUTER, *sneaking back and approaching the audience*:

So now girls … this sad story is told
and if you should ever trust a man – O but to trust a even one …
don't think its all fun.

LILY FAWN *sighs – turns to the audience*:

He was my man but he done me wrong, so wrong.

COON-SHOUTER *continues … to the audience*:

Remember the tale of Lily Fawn!
And, how she used a cold Colt-steel fo'ty-fo' smokeless gat-gun
to shoot her man … what had done her wrong.

The snake slithers out from under the tree root, and brings Coon-Shouter a horn ….

COON-SHOUTER *takes the horn, continuing … to the audience*:

This story has no moral.
This story has no end.
This story just goes to show
that there ain't no good in men.
Hank was Lily's man,
and Hank done Lily wrong,
so Lily shot Hank down
and plumb got clean away
without ever telling ...
what she did with Hank's face.

THE SNAKE, *dancing o'er to Fatal Laughter – coiling around her*:

When temptations press thee near,
awake to watch and pray:

COON-SHOUTER, *continuing*:

Hank's death is a warning
to all those who fuck with fluff girls …

HANK PINE, *off-stage voice – trembling*:

O ye men!
Beware of those God damn women.

They'll do you wrong just as sure as your born.

ARIADNE, *off-stage voice – coldly answering Hank*:

Kinder than you are the creatures of the wild.

Enter Ariadne – a young woman, white as ivory, her feet bare and golden-covered in wet sand. She wears a horned coronet of gold, enriched with gems, the jewels shining bright as stars in the dark night of her black, disheveled hair. In her hands she carries a clew of thread and a sword, strands of hair, torn from her own head, are between her fingers.

ARIADNE, *to Lily*:

Did he not sin, and leave you so beguiled?

Enter Death – a butterfly-winged spirit played by a very fair and beautiful, blonde, blue-eyed girl, who appears dripping wet and wearing a wreath of poppies, and holding a flaming sword:

DEATH, *singing*:

Bang on, Lily.
Bang on all night long.
O Bang on, Lily … till your dead and gone.

COON-SHOUTER, *continuing*:

Lily Fawn was an evil deer nun, an' ev'rybody know'd,
when they see Lily Fawn comin' … *to* give Miss Lily de road.

(Refrain):
O, that girl, a bad girl, *she* shakes her finger at you -

Lily Fawn bends and kisses Fatal Laughter – and "her doll" – touching the child's head lovingly ... and smiles: Note – as she turns to Coon-Shouter, her smile disappears.

LILY FAWN, *to Fatal Laughter – giving ol' Coon-Shouter the evil eye*:

Goodbye, darlin' … I'm goin' to kill tha' man.

Exeunt Coon-Shouter – fleeing Lily Fawn.

Lily Fawn returns to her saw … and saws – (*quietly.*)

Enter Coon-Shouter … sneaking back on-stage:

COON-SHOUTER *continues singing Refrain – now teasing and taunting Lily*:

Evil deer nun, Miss Lily Isabella Fawn,
when you (is) bad, you (is) bad wi' a gun ...

THE SNAKE, *joins in singing - Refrain*:

... the badass't girl that ever dids lived.

COON-SHOUTER, *to the Snake*:

THE SNAKE, *to Coon-shouter*:

She's so bad flies won't fly around her head …
in the summer;
She's so bad snow won't fall on her house …
in the winter.

Miss Lily Fawn, Lily Fawn,
you must-a been a sinner,
'cause every Christmas Eve in hell,
they give you a dinner.

COON-SHOUTER & THE SNAKE, *singing and dancing together*:

Evil deer nun, Miss Lily Isabella Fawn,
when she (is) bad, she (is) bad wi' a gun ...

ROOTA-TOOTA-TOOT &c.

DEATH *continues*:

Bang on, Lily.
Bang on till your dead and gone.
Bang on, Lily.
Bang on all night long - all night long - all night long.

. . .

stylus

*Lily Fawn, quietly singing as she saw*s: [*Note*: *orchestration slowly joins in.*]:

["*Nearer, my God, to Thee.*"]

Coon-Shouter steps forward, alone, and blows the horn (*once*).

COON-SHOUTER, *singing to the audience*:

[Envoi:]

I looked down the street, Lord,
far as I could see,
all I could hear was a two-string bow,
't was Lily Fawn a-sawin' an' a-singin' … "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

He was her man and he done her wrong ... hey hey hey hey &c.

Coon-Shouter blows the horn a second time.

DEATH *continuing*:

O bang on, Lily.
Bang on till your dead and gone.
Bang on, Lily.
Bang on all night long - all night long - all night long.

COON-SHOUTER, *to the audience*:

Dark was the night,
cold was the ground …

LILY FAWN *ceases to saw – to the audience*:

Never console yourself into believing that the terror has passed, for it looms as large and evil today as it did in the despicable era of "BEDLAM." But I must relate the horrors as I recall them, in the hope that some force for mankind might be moved to relieve forever the unfortunate creatures who are still imprisoned in the back wards of decaying institutions.[119]

[119] One of her last visitors before again being declared cured and released was Dr. Walter Freeman, America's foremost psycho-surgeon who developed the trans-orbital lobotomy (a treatment which only required the lifting of the eye lid and the insertion of an ice pick to tear into the brain). On his second visit, Freeman treated Frances (Farmer) alone in an isolated room and although the

COON-SHOUTER:

So this is the end of her story,
and this is the end of my song,
Lily Fawn still walks the earth - though she's (long time) dead and gone …

Coon-Shouter blows the horn a third time.

… and she cries the whole night long.

LILY FAWN, *crying*:

O – Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!

A ring of flames slowly begins to rise around poor little Lily Isabella Fawn, Deer-woman.

Eros and the Erotes – like the sun and doves – are lowered (*on cables*) *… and joined by the seven planets, appearing one-at-a-time as in the beginning but without the pomp.*

Death suddenly stabs out … and Coon-Shouter is stabbed. He stumbles around the stage, falling onto a golden, tasseled rope … and this pulls down with him. – And, the imitation grand drape falls [*very suddenly*]:

EROS, EROTES, & THE PLANETS *continuing – as grand drape falls*:

O bang on, Lily.
Bang on though your dead and gone.
Bang on, Lily.
Bang on all night long - all night long - all night long.

Black trailers close as Grand Drape falls.

END ACT FIVE

House lights dim to darkness (*and flicker out*) *– then, of a sudden, flare on full before going out completely … as curtain calls continue amidst much* '*bedlam*'.

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exact details are not known, the majority opinion among the hospital workers at the time was that he had given her a lobotomy. Frances would never be the same again.

Frances Farmer, the once-beautiful rising star, died at the age of 57, destitute and her spirit broken, in her later years, had this say about her experiences:

. . .

Final Curtain Call is followed by a fat lady wearing horns – [*not so much in the sense of Brynhulda der Wælkryie but, more-so, that of the prehistoric Horned Moon Goddess.*]

Enter the fat lady, singing …

THE FAT LADY, *singing "fa-la-la" to the tune of Wagner's "Die Walküre: The Ride of the Valkryies" – then addressing the audience* (*with the final comment*):

Fa-la-la-la-**la** … la-la-la-**la … la-la-la-LA**.

Show's over! Go home!

THE FAT LADY, *singing "tra-la-la" to the tune of* ***the Banana Splits "theme song"***

Exeunt the fat lady – happily not mistaken for Carol Burnett's creation of "the old mop lady who tugs at her ear …"

Malgré

As the guests depart their seats and fill the aisles, a closing song …[120]

"*Nearer, my God, to Thee*"

Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be, nearer, my God, to Thee.

Refrain
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though like the wanderer, the sun gone down,
Darkness be over me, my rest a stone.
Yet in my dreams I'd be nearer, my God to Thee.

[120] "I Wanna Be Loved by You" is a song written by Herbert Stothart and Harry Ruby, with lyrics by Bert Kalmar, for the 1928 musical "Good Boy" One of Marilyn Monroe's most famous musical performances is her singing it in Billy Wilder's classic farce Some Like It Hot. The song "was introduced in 1928 by Helen Kane, who became known as the 'Boop-Boop-a-Doop Girl' because of her baby-talk, scat-singing tag line to that song. Two years later, a cartoon character named Betty Boop was modeled after Kane

Refrain

There let the way appear, steps unto Heav'n;
All that Thou sendest me, in mercy given;
Angels to beckon me nearer, my God, to Thee.

Refrain

Then, with my waking thoughts bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony grief Hell I'll raise;
So by my woes to be nearer, my God, to Thee.

Refrain

Or, if on joyful wing cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I'll fly,
Still all my song shall be, nearer, my God, to Thee.

Refrain

There in my Father's home, safe and at rest,
There in my Savior's love, perfectly blest;
Age after age to be, nearer my God to Thee.

Refrain

I wanna be loved by you, just you,
And nobody else but you,
I wanna be loved by you, alone!
Boop-boop-a-doop!

I wanna kissed by you, just you,
Nobody else but you,
I wanna be kissed by you, alone!

Boop-boop, I couldn't aspire,
To anything higher,
Than, filled with desire,

To make you my own!
Boop-boop-a-doop, boop-boop-a-doop!

I wanna be loved by you, just you,
And nobody else but you,
I wanna be loved by you, alone!

Aa-ah-um! Boop-boop-a-doop!

Daddle-at-dat-dat-dum, I couldn't aspire,
To anything higher,
Than, filled with desire,
To make you my own,
Bup-bum, butle-doodle-dum-bum!

I wanna be loved by you, just you,
Nobody else but you,
I wanna be loved by you, a-lup-a-dup-a-dup-a-dup!
Boop-boop-a-doop

"*Ich bin von Kopf bis Fuß auf Liebe eingestellt*" ["*Falling in Love Again* (*Can't Help It*)"]
Sammy Lerner, Frederick Hollander

Falling in love again
Never wanted to
What am I to do?
Can't help it

Love's always been my game
Play it how I may
I was made that way
Can't help it

Men cluster to me like moths around a flame
And if their wings burn, I know I'm not to blame

Falling in love again
Never wanted to
What am I to do?
Can't help it

Fallin' in love again
Never wanted to
What am I to do?
Can't help it

Love's always been my game
Play it how I may
I was made that way
Can't help it

Men cluster to me like moths around a flame
And if their wings burn, I know I'm not to blame

Fallin' in love again
Never wanted to
What am I to do?
Can't help it

Men cluster to me like moths around a flame
And if their wings burn, I know I'm not to blame

Fallin' in love again
Never wanted to
What am I to do?
Can't help it

"*And When I Die*" by Blood, Sweat and Tears (1970): [*pre-recorded*] – *as sung by principle cast members*

"*And When I Die*"
Blood Sweat And Tears – "*Greatest Hits*"

I'm not scared of dying,
And I don't really care.
If it's peace you find in dying,
Well then let the time be near.
If it's peace you find in dying,
And if dying time is here,
Just bundle up my coffin
Cause it's cold way down there.
I hear that its cold way down there.
Yeah, crazy cold way down there.

Chorus:
And when I die, and when I'm gone,
There'll be one child born
In this world to carry on,
to carry on.

Now troubles are many, they're as deep as a well.
I can swear there ain't no heaven but I pray there ain't no hell.

Swear there ain't no heaven and I pray there ain't no hell,
But I'll never know by living, only my dying will tell.
Yes only my dying will tell.
Yeah, only my dying will tell.

Chorus:
Give me my freedom for as long as I be.
All I ask of living is to have no chains on me.
All I ask of living is to have no chains on me,
And all I ask of dying is to go naturally.
Oh I want to go naturally.

Here I go,
Hey Hey!
Here comes the devil,
Right Behind.
Look out children,
Here he comes!
Here he comes! Hey...

Don't want to go by the devil.
Don't want to go by demon.
Don't want to go by Satan,
Don't want to die uneasy.
Just let me go naturally.

and when I die,
When I'm dead, dead and gone,
There'll be one child born in our world to carry on,
To carry on.
Yeah, yeah ...

Gloria Gaynor "*I Will Survive*" & "*Eye of the Tiger*" [Manfred Mann?] Medley

Air Supply ? Afternoon Delight ….
Klatuu

"*Earth Angel*" … concludes with *Donna Summer* – love to love you baby
AVE MARIA fades into silence

"*Ring of Fire*": [*pre-recorded*] – *as sung by principle cast members.*

malgré